

# The Psychological Review:

A COSMOPOLITAN ORGAN OF

*Spiritualism and Psychological Research.*

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JANUARY, 1882.

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[The Editor of the "*Psychological Review*" desires it to be distinctly understood that he can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.]

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## PROGRAMME FOR 1882.

TO SPIRITUALISTS AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN PSYCHOLOGICAL  
RESEARCH IN ALL ENGLISH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that arrangements have now been made which are, I think, calculated not only to extend the usefulness of this magazine, but also to further the maintenance of a high standard of excellence in its pages.

In view of the fact that the *Psychological Review* is the only magazine of the kind published in English-speaking countries, it was suggested that an effort should be made to render it cosmopolitan in character, obtaining, as far as was possible, the services of the best writers in America, Australia, and the United Kingdom, and to publish it simultaneously in Chicago for the United States, and in London for Great Britain. In the case of our friends at the Antipodes, a little delay was seen to be inevitable, owing to the great distance separating the various countries. Still, it was hoped that this barrier could be overcome, and suitable arrangements inaugurated.

Towards the close of 1881 an effort was, therefore, made to this end, and with the following result.

The present and all future numbers of this magazine will appeal to, and cater for, the Spiritualists of all English-speaking countries

more generally than it has hitherto done, and it is hoped that it will so far meet the needs of those to whom it appeals as to merit very liberal support.

As far as English writers are concerned, a varied programme has already been arranged for the first few months, and in the next number I hope to include contributions from some of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic. Communications have been opened with most of the writers whose names are well known amongst American Spiritualists, and the same course will be adopted as regards Australia and New Zealand.

It is hoped and believed that in adopting this course the continued success of the *Psychological Review* will be insured, and that it will thereby take a high rank in the literature of Spiritualism.

The American business department has been confided to the care of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House in Chicago, Ill., and, in making this announcement, I feel sure that the very name of the house with which Col. Bundy is associated, is a sufficient guarantee that the interests of subscribers will be carefully attended to. The same feeling has actuated me in placing the publication of the Australian edition in the hands of Mr. W. H. Terry, of 84 Russell Street, Melbourne.

All business communications from friends in the United States and Australia should therefore be addressed to the publishers of the *Psychological Review* in the respective countries, while letters to the editor may, as heretofore, be addressed to the London office.

A new volume commences with the present number (January, 1882), and among the leading features (already arranged for) may be mentioned :—

I.—A Continuation of **Researches into Spiritualism**, by "M.A. (OXON.)."

II.—**Symposia**, by PROFESSOR BARRETT.

III.—**Chrishna and Christ** (2 Articles), by A. LILLIE, Author of "Buddha and Early Buddhism."

IV.—**Further Thoughts concerning the Mystical Death**, by MRS. A. M. HOWITT WATTS.

V.—**A Series of Biographical Sketches of Eminent Spiritualists** (Illustrated with portraits by the Woodbury type process), by "M.A. (OXON.)" and Others.

VI.—**A Narrative of Experiences in Spiritualism**, by T. P. BARKAS.

VII.—**Notes and Comments**, by JOHN S. FARMER.

VIII.—**Monthly Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Opinion** (English and Foreign).

IX.—**Family Circle Department**. For this has been secured a Serial Novel of Psychological interest, from the pen of a well-known Novelist, entitled **The Great Kingsbury Puzzle**.

X.—**Miscellaneous Articles** by other well-known writers—  
English and American.

It is with great pleasure that I make this statement of my programme for the current year, and in doing so it is my desire to acknowledge with the heartiest of thanks the valuable assistance rendered me by my esteemed contributor, "M.A. (Oxon.)." It is to his untiring energy, wise counsel, and kind support that I attribute much of the success already achieved by this magazine, and I feel assured that whatever further measure of success awaits its career in the future, not a little will be due to his efforts. I trust he will excuse this public reference to him on my part. At any rate it is done with sincere thankfulness for the kindly help he has unvaryingly given me, and that often in the midst of indifferent or positive ill-health.

As it is probable that the current number of the *Review* will come before a very large and entirely new body of readers, I reproduce a letter written by "M.A. (Oxon.);" in the December issue, in the hope that its perusal will stimulate to further action on the part of the friends and subscribers of the *Psychological Review*. It was as follows:—

"TO SPIRITUALISTS AND THE READERS OF THE  
'PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.'

"Though it is no special business of mine, except as one who has done his best for many years to improve and develop the literature of Spiritualism, I venture to make this statement and suggestion to the friends of the movement in this country and America.

"Until recently, we had been for some time without a magazine in which extended papers could find publication. Journals we had, but their space was small, and they could not print such papers as from month to month find space here. It will not be doubted that this was a great loss, and the *Psychological Review* was put forward to meet it.

"Nor will it be doubted that it has met this want ably and well. I hear warm commendation of it on all sides, as a credit to its Editor, and to the movement. An efficient body of writers make it a useful and valuable addition to the literature of Spiritualism, and sustained effort is made to this end.

"This being so, it becomes, I think, a duty on the part of Spiritualists at large to maintain it on a secure financial basis. It should depend on the generosity of no man, but on the intelligent and steady support of all Spiritualists.

"Holding this view,—the only one financially sound—I venture respectfully to suggest to my many friends here and in other countries, to do their part in one of the following ways:—

"1. By gaining one new subscriber.

"2. By taking an extra copy, to be sent to persons likely to be interested in its contents.

**"3. By supplying the 'Review' to Reading-Rooms, Libraries, and Societies where it will be seen and read.**

"The *Psychological Review* has, I believe, done well, hitherto. A very simple effort, if united, will put it on a basis which will allow of energy being devoted solely to the maintenance of a high standard of literary excellence. This is what I desire to see done.

"LONDON, *November, 1881.*"

"M. A. (Oxon.)

In submitting these new and extended arrangements to the notice of friends and subscribers, it is with an earnest desire that they may meet with the general approval and warm support of Spiritualists in all English-speaking countries. The programme as given on 2nd page speaks for itself. The first portion of the Biographical Sketches appears in this number, "M.A. (Oxon.," commencing with his "Personal Reminiscences of Epes Sargent." Mrs. Watts has promised to follow with recollections of her father, whose name will long be remembered in connection with Spiritualism. I speak of William Howitt. Others are in preparation. With each will be given a portrait by the Woodbury type, or other high art process. That of Epes Sargent will be given next month, unexpected difficulties having cropped up, and prevented its appearance with the first part of "M.A.'s" reminiscences. Space forbids further particularisation, and I can now only leave the matter in the hands of friends, with the best wishes for a bright and prosperous year.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

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### 1881—RETROSPECTIVE: PROSPECTIVE, 1882.

As far as Spiritualism is concerned, the record of the past twelve months is one which, in the main, induces a feeling of hopefulness for the year upon which we are entering. Whether these promises are destined to fruition in lasting good and progress, or whether, as often before, they will end in disappointment and stagnation, is at present hidden from our sight. But the outlook is bright, and if failure awaits us in the future, we may be sure that it will arise mainly from our own short-sightedness and want of discrimination. In making these and the following observations, it is not my intention to weary my readers by indulging in dull platitudes and trite remarks—I simply wish, above all things, to be practical in what I say.

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Spiritualists, like most people, are buying wisdom by experience, and not a few are beginning to understand that the only attitude possible toward the phenomena and the theories based thereon, is one of sound sagacious judgment—that it is imperative to bring the



same common sense to bear upon this subject as is brought to bear upon questions of everyday life, and that it will no longer avail to accept as the *bona fide* interposition of spirit every thing that bears the name of Spiritualism. The last few years have been a transitional period amongst Spiritualists, and the chief result of the troubles through which we have passed is, I think, seen in the growing disposition to sift the facts more keenly, and to exercise a cool and unbiased judgment in dealing with the conclusions which they seem to suggest. This is well, and the result has not been dearly bought.

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Reading between the lines of the history of the movement for the past decade, one can readily perceive the gradual unfoldment of more rational modes of investigation, and the consequent placing of our facts upon an increasingly impregnable foundation. Notwithstanding all the assaults to which they have been subjected, and in spite of alleged or real *exposés*, the phenomena of Spiritualism rest to-day upon a sounder basis than ever they did before. And this position has been obtained, not by bowing down at the shrine of credulity and superstition—for this has been characteristic of certain phases through which the movement has passed—but by a stern and rigid conformity to the dictates of a sound common-sense. The movement has progressed in exact ratio as it has submitted to the expansion and rectification of many of its early conclusions. Spiritualism, Psychology, call it what you will, if it be what it claims, viz., the science of man as a spirit and a spiritual world, must be content if it has occasionally to retrace its steps. Other sciences have only reached their present pinnacle by a growth, step by step, taken midst manifold failures and blunders. The advance has been slow; so is that of all true progress. Physical Science has before now had to reconsider its verdicts, and may have to do so again, and there is no reason to suppose that Spiritualism will have proved an exception to the general rule, and have jumped all at once into absolute truth. Spiritualists are now beginning to realise this fact, and at no period has the disposition to look closely into the bases of our faith been more marked than at the present time. That this is so, I look upon as the most hopeful signs with which the New Year opens. So long as Spiritualism is advocated in this spirit, so long as an unflinching honesty of purpose is brought to bear upon its investigation, so long will it gain ground and be acceptable to earnest seekers after truth.

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In other respects too, the outlook is promising. Indications are not wanting which point in the direction of more united action amongst Spiritualists than has obtained for some time past. I sincerely trust that these hopes may not be falsified, and that at the close of 1882 we may be able to point to much good work done, and a substantial record of progress.

JOHN S. FARMER.

# MONTHLY SUMMARY

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### CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

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"THE MEDIUM" (LONDON),

November 25—December 16.

Our contemporary is eclectic. Mrs. Richmond's discourse inspired, as is alleged, by President Garfield, is reproduced from the *Chicago Times*. Archdeacon Colley dilates on "Spiritual Astronomy." Lady Caithness writes on "The Four-fold Constitution: modes of Divine Love and Wisdom." And Dr. Anna Kingsford discusses "The Moral and Spiritual Aspects of Diet."—Another self-styled adept, an impersonal X, has come forward to illustrate the vigour of language which conceals the dearth of ideas in some who deal with deep mysteries. The editor well rebukes such intemperate abuse of words.—Much space is given to the elucidation of mediumship in its various forms. No work is more useful, and there is much deep spiritual truth scattered up and down in these disquisitions. "Pericles," "Omega," and Mr. Burns, all deal with phases of spiritual manifestation, the latter, in a paper read before the School of Spiritual Teachers at 15 Southampton Row, being very suggestive in his treatment of the subject.—Miss Leigh Hunt has a long paper on "The Home Treatment of Disease," in the course of which she quotes from eminent physicians and surgeons of the orthodox school some very startling utterances. Sir Astley Cooper, for instance, is credited with the remark, "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder." What was the context of that remark, we wonder?—A note informs readers that until Mr. Hargrave Jennings reviewed "The Occult World" in the columns of *The Medium*, "no one heard of the book, except in the more or less violent execrations of the press, in which crusade the Spiritualistic press took a small share!!" We had thought that full attention had been directed to the book in our columns, and we certainly did not "execrate" it: nor did our contemporary *Light* omit to do full justice to Mr. Sinnett's efforts.—Mrs. Tappan Richmond commends very highly Gerald Massey's "Book of the Beginnings," as a work "profoundly inspired by the needs of the hour."—The four numbers of our contemporary are full of matter, and quite up to the average of merit; some papers being of striking excellence.

## "LIGHT (LONDON)."

November 26—

The Fortnightly Discussion Meetings at the B.N.A.S. have opened, under good auspices, with a paper by Miss Ford on "Religious Bearings of Spiritualism." The paper is thoughtful, but the writer is confessedly inexperienced, and the subject is not one that can be successfully treated save by one to whom long experience has brought knowledge. It is a very great loss that the discussions which follow on each paper are not at least summarised. We would throw out the suggestion to our contemporary that important speeches should be so treated, especially when they run counter to the general drift of a particular paper, and tend to modify the views expressed in it. —Dr. G. Wyld writes on "Nature Spirits and Elementals," and propounds the very startling view that Spirit has "an image-creating faculty," to which may be due the clairvoyant vision of these beings. But, as Mrs. Hardinge Britten points out in a letter printed in a subsequent issue of *Light*, Spirit underlies Nature throughout all its vast domain. Nature Spirits, so-called, are merely the Spirit-forms of being which has not yet reached the plane of human incarnation. —The Church Congress Pamphlet has brought out from Dr. Potter of St. Luke's, Sheffield, his reasons for disbelief in Spiritualism. They are rambling, incoherent, and inconsequent. If Dr. Potter is a fair type of his order, Spiritualism has little to fear from clerical attack. —Another paper read at the B.N.A.S. discussion meetings is on "Theosophy," by Mr. A. F. Tindall. But, if Miss Ford lacked knowledge of Spiritualism, Mr. Tindall's knowledge of Theosophy is still more lamentably deficient. The latest pronouncement of the Theosophists, who claim to act under the Himalayan Brotherhood, is one that is totally antagonistic to Spiritualism. This has been a gradual development, but the point at which the Indian Theosophists have now arrived is unmistakeable. Mr. Tindall's opinions would be seriously modified by a perusal of that document. —Mr. Adshead takes up Dr. Potter's feeble remarks, and, in answer to one of them, alleging that experts had confessed to him the methods of their imposture, challenges him thus—"If either Dr. Potter, or the experts of whom he speaks, will undertake to produce raps similar to those produced in the presence of mediums I am prepared to name, and under the same conditions, and will explain to me the method by which they are produced, so that I can produce them at any time or in any place, I will donate *one hundred guineas* to St. Luke's (Dr. Potter's Church), or any other institution the Dr. chooses to name. This proposition is subject to the condition, that in

the event of failure to produce the raps required, Dr. Potter shall hand over to the Secretary of the B.N.A.S. the sum of *twenty guineas*." Five to one against the experts! Yes, or five thousand to one! But the challenge is good, for the average mind understands that a man does not risk £100 on a mere chance.—Mr. Fowler's challenge was advertised in the *Daily News* of December 3. *The Times* refused to insert it. *Let that fact be placed on record!*—The B.N.A.S. is doing excellent work by following up the *soi-disant* Cumberland, and advertising this challenge in local papers for the information of those whom he would delude. He has taken now to saying that he has accepted the challenge of Spiritualists. Let that statement also be placed on record as a baseless falsehood; a shift to which he has been driven to keep up his miserable pretences.—Mrs. Hardinge Britten contributes some good suggestions on the question of "Organisation," in the course of which she says—"I deem the main doctrine of Spiritualism is that of man's personal responsibility, and the fact that he suffers or enjoys in the life beyond the consequences of the evil or good he has done on earth." It is a remarkable and most cheering fact that so many prominent spiritual teachers are insisting upon these great truths.—The Rev. W. Miall writes to congratulate our contemporary on the approaching anniversary of its publication, and on its success as evidenced by the announced enlargement. In this congratulation we cordially join, as we do in Mr. Miall's further commendation of "the manly and Christian abstinence from injurious references to periodicals and persons, by which so many other serial productions, and notably those in connection with this movement, have been disfigured and disgraced." In this respect our contemporary has been honourably distinguished, and we heartily trust that *Light* may, through a long and prosperous career, continue to show that what it announced as its characteristic, "Light without heat," is capable of being maintained in the discussion even of the most burning topics.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT (BOSTON, U.S.A.).

November 12—December 3.

Trance addresses continue to be a prominent feature in our contemporary. We have an answer to Dr. Phelps on the subject of "The Duty of the Pulpit to Spiritualism," from both Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Colville: a discourse on "The Gods of the Past, and the God of the future": Mr. Wallis on "The Three Saviours from the World's Three Curses of Ignorance, Intemperance, and Selfishness" (an excellent and telling

sermon full of practical wisdom): "Further Glimpses of my Heavenly Home," a discourse alleged to be by the late President through Mrs. Richmond: and one "In Memory of our Departed friends," by W. J. Colville.—The English Church Congress attracts the attention of the *Banner*, and the best speeches are reproduced.—John Wetherbee is full of quaint sagacity in his paper on "What Spiritualism has taught me." We are very glad to see that this subject is to be treated in a series of papers, of which this is the first. A quarter of a century of experience has qualified a singularly clear mind to deal with a tangled subject.—M. Henry Lacroix gives an account of Spiritualism in France and Spain which confirms what we hear from all sources. There is no truth outside of Kardec in the opinion of French and Spanish Spiritualists. All that is in his books is gospel, all outside of them fable: two assumptions that effectually blind the eye, and cloud the mind with error.—The local items contributed over the well-known signature Cephas, are models of lucid brevity. It is greatly to be desired that correspondents of local societies would study to be concise: to skim the cream, and record only what is worth preserving.—An account of Materialisations, reproduced from the *New York Tribune*, decidedly comes under this head. It appears in the issue of December 3rd, and should be read *in extenso*, as the testimony of a non-spiritualist to one of the most remarkable phenomena of Spiritualism.—The same may be said of a striking letter, signed S. G. McEwen, and dated from Westfield, N.Y., November 21st, in which the phenomena that usually occur in the presence of Charles E. Watkins, the Psychographic medium, are attested, and, in addition, some excellent form-manifestations are described. It seems as if all mediums could get this phenomenon by development.

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#### HARBINGER OF LIGHT (AUSTRALIA).

October and November.

Our contemporary complains with justice of some very harsh words uttered by the Bishop of Melbourne. Dr. Moorhouse is reported to have said, "The *Harbinger of Light* and freethought publications, with their ignorance and scurrility were read by some one (*sic*), and whoever read them must have before his mind a vast number of ignorant suggestions to consider." This is a statement of the old bad type, unworthy of the Bishop's position and character. Whatever ignorance our contemporary may display in handling profound

matters of which all men know little, is shared in a conspicuous degree by clerics when they attempt to step out of their own groove. Scurrility is honourably absent from the *Harbinger*, which may sometimes be dull, but assuredly is not rightly chargeable with any approach to the scurrilous.—An able letter in reply to the Bishop admonishes him with much force that he is “severely denounced as a *freethinker* by not a few divines, who consider themselves orthodox, and his lordship decidedly heterodox.” A very neat turning of the tables!—Professor Denton is lecturing at Melbourne, and Peebles is to follow.—The November number contains a letter from Mr. Malcomb in defence of his bishop, which is well dissected by the Editor. Men of Mr. Malcomb’s type grow furious over free-thought, and are mentally incapable of doing it any justice.—Extended space is given to a very able lecture by Professor Denton on “Ancient America, its mound-builders, and its copper-miners.” The vigorous and comprehensive mind of the Professor, intolerant of the cramping effects of creed and dogma, is much in harmony with the tone of our contemporary. And surely no nobler Gospel ever sounded from orthodox pulpit than this to which Professor Denton gives utterance. “Reason and Religion must go hand in hand together. Reason must teach us what is the Infinite Lord that is worthy of our reverence, and how we can best devote our lives to his honour and glory, and that is by lifting and blessing our fellow-men and women. The highest embodiment of the divine on this planet is the human; men and women with throbbing hearts in their bosoms. How to lift them up: how to bless them: how to make them wiser, holier, happier,—this is worthy of all consideration, and the man who does it best is the most profoundly religious man.” Amen, we devoutly say.

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#### THE TWO WORLDS (NEW YORK, U.S.A.).

November 12—December 3.

*The Two Worlds* has doubled its size, and now comes out as a large eight-page journal, admirably printed in a clean type, and thoroughly well got up in every detail. We congratulate our American friends on this handsome addition to the journalism of the movement, and our contemporary on the spirit and enterprise that characterises its management. We have no doubt but that it has a long, useful career before it.—Mr. Kiddle gives an account of a sitting with Foster in the spring of 1879. He says of him that he “has no doubt that Foster has made more converts than any other living



medium." He adds some very judicious remarks on the temptations to which mediums are exposed, and on the consideration which should be extended to their frailties and short-comings. It is half-amusing, half-distressing to read that Mr. Kiddle, desiring a communication from Pontius Pilate (!), wrote his name on a slip of paper, and that Mr. Foster shortly after exclaimed, "Wonderful presence! large and elegant man!" and wrote Pontio Pilato in Italian.—Mr. Crowell gives some excellent accounts of the materialisation and dematerialisation of substances. The Indian Spirit who controls Dr. C. B. Kenney had prescribed a particular bark for a member of Dr. Crowell's family. It was not procurable by ordinary means, and accordingly the Indian brought some of it. The medium was standing in the middle of Dr. Crowell's room at mid-day, "and the room was well lighted, so that the smallest object was perceptible." Into his extended hand, Dr. C. and two members of his family saw "eight or ten small pieces of bark successively dropped, their size varying from that of a large pea to a small hazel nut." He also records how, with the same medium in a bed-room in his (Dr. Crowell's) own house, "a flower was seen to descend from the air, at a height of about two feet, and drop on the middle of the bed.—Dr. Crowell does not believe it possible, according to his information, for spirits to permanently materialise anything.—"The Staff of those who Mourn" is a very striking discourse by Hudson Tuttle at the funeral of Mr. Howlett. It is a powerful statement of the highest spiritual philosophy.—A very appreciative notice of M. A. (Oxon's) Church Congress Pamphlet, and of the same writer's notes in *Light*, together with some kindly words of commendation of ourselves, appear in various portions of this month's issues. There are also many good and wise essays and papers which space forbids us to particularise.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL (CHICAGO, U.S.A.)

November 12—December 3.

*The Journal* records an exposure of two dishonest mediums, Elsie and Harry Crindle, made by Spiritualists at the house of a well-known spiritual lecturer at Clyde, Ohio. "One feature of the matter," says the Clyde *Enterprise* of November 3rd, "should be distinctly understood, and proper credit given for it, namely, that the entire investigation and exposure was made by parties who are themselves believers in the spiritualistic doctrine.—Hudson Tuttle reviews the *Atlantic Monthly* on Zöllner. Unfortunately the *Atlantic* has never



recovered the shock its circulation and character sustained from Dale Owen's article on Katie King which appeared in its pages. The exposure of that fraud was a hard blow to a magazine which, under its then editorship, was disposed to treat Spiritualism fairly. The present editor is dead against the subject. He desiderates as the one quality essential for a fair investigation "trained scepticism"! *The Journal* commends "the wise generosity of an English Spiritualist in circulating 15,000 of M. A. (Oxon's) Church Congress Pamphlet," and asks, Who will do the same here? We hope some one will respond. We note with pleasure, however, that the editor is not going to wait for that. The pamphlet is in press, and will, no doubt, be circulated broadcast in America.—Mr. Emmette Coleman sends a warm tribute to the mediumship of Mrs. H. E. Robinson of San Francisco. He is so critical in his judgment that what he says in praise is largely enhanced in value.—Hudson Tuttle contradicts the assertion which has been freely circulated that the late President Garfield defeated Denton in a discussion on the evidence for direct creative acts as opposed to spontaneous generation and progressive development. Denton held his own, "and the disputants parted with the highest regard for each other."—*The Daily Telegraph* correspondence on Ghosts is freely quoted. The editor thinks that such a paper opening its columns to the subject shows "the profound depths which have been reached by the movement." No! it only shows that the *D. T.* was hard up for a sensation, and though men sneer at ghosts, everybody has a ghost-story to tell. The astute editor knew that, and worked the mine.—Lita Barney Sayles bears strong testimony to the healing and materialising mediumship of Dr. Monck. The phenomena which have been attested in England are being reproduced in America, as testified by Dr. Buchanan, H. J. Newton, S. B. Nichols, Judge Dailey, Dr. Newbrough, and Dr. Bartlett among others. The account of what is called "raising from the dead," is a really remarkable evidence of psychopathic power. One remarkable materialisation in full light is described. "A filmy, rolling vapour appeared from out of his left side, was again absorbed, and then evolved for five or six times, gradually elongating itself above and below into an irregularly-shaped column of opalescent moving vapour, covering the space which might have been occupied by a full form, and finally developing the face of a young girl, "recognised by Judge Dailey as his daughter." A parallel this to what has been recorded in this country. We await further developments with interest.

## "THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

November.

Our Eastern contemporary is full of occult matter, some of which will be hardly acceptable to a Western mind. The mystic significance of the six-pointed and five-pointed stars, the emblems of the macrocosm and microcosm, is evolved in a long and erudite paper. There is a disquisition on The Zodiac, and another on The War in Heaven, which are very bewildering to our unenlightened minds.—Dr. Rajendralala has moved the Senate of the Calcutta University to include Occult Science within its curriculum. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the University declined the suggestion.—The witchcraft and demonology of Pictavia brings out some curious facts in the experience of Dr. Andrew Small, who seems to have suffered from obsession or possession by an undeveloped spirit. As the editor says, "His revelation of experiences will make many of our readers stare." They must be read to be—well, not to be believed, but to be wondered at.—The cream of the number is the last article, the sting that lies in the tail. This is an amusing and very effective dissection of the claims of the *soi disant* Western "Adept," J. K., to sit in judgment on Eastern Theosophists. J. K. is revealed as one Julius Kohn, a young disciple of Mr. W., whom it is not difficult to connect with the "gifted lady magnetist," of whose advertised classes the *Theosophist* makes terrible fun. That he should style himself "Adept" provokes theosophic wrath; that he should dare to criticise Mdm. Blavatsky in coarse language which is extremely unparliamentary, not to say vulgar and abusive, draws down on him and on *The Spiritualist*, that printed his letters, a severe castigation. Now that he is revealed in true colours, we hope that six columns of amusing, but surely excessive venom, may not again be vented on his devoted head. There is more serious work to be done; and it seems to us that, in its present number, *The Theosophist* falls short of its standard.

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THE primal mission of Spiritualism to the Christian Church and the world at large is the presentation of demonstrable proof of the reality of a spiritual world, and the continuity of individual existence after death. It achieves this end by supplementing the testimony of the past with present evidence, thus placing the doctrine of human immortality upon a basis that is strictly scientific, and one, withal, in thorough accord with the advanced thought of the age.—J. S. FARMER.

## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EPES SARGENT:\*

WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WORKS.

By M.A. (Oxon.),

Author of "Psychography," "Spirit Identity," "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," "Spiritualism at the Church Congress," etc., etc.

It is no part of my intention to act as biographer to Epes Sargent. I do not possess the necessary qualifications, and I trust that the work may be done by some one more familiarly acquainted with his many-sided life than I can pretend to be. I knew him as a Spiritualist, and in that capacity few knew his inner mind more thoroughly. Though I never saw him in the flesh, our correspondence, which extended over more than seven years, was constant, and full of the most affectionate interchange of thought. During that period—one fraught with the profoundest significance to the cause of Spiritualism—there were few events that took place, few subjects that came up for discussion, that did not find a place in our correspondence.

He was a charming letter writer. His style was clear and unstilted; and he had a power of touching a subject lightly, and conveying his thoughts upon it without prolixity, or wearisome minuteness. Like all busy men, he found time for a voluminous correspondence. He had learned to utilise every spare moment, and to pursue his daily round of duty even when a suffering body and a jaded mind claimed repose. It is only by this unvarying system that such a mass of work as fell to his share can be accomplished; and Epes Sargent was a conspicuous example of systematised energy.

Though I can speak of him only as a correspondent, I believe I shall convey a clear view of my friend by placing on record some of the opinions expressed by him in his correspondence with me. His position as a representative Spiritualist, with an absorbing interest in the great work in this country as well as in his own, comes out strongly in these letters. He was writing to one whom it pleased him to honour with absolute confidence, and to whom he wrote with a perfect freedom and frankness that makes his words the transcript of his inmost thoughts. He was discussing moot questions, and advising on difficult situations from a point of view identical with my own. It would be impossible for any

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\* "Planchette: the Despair of Science." "The Proof Palpable of Immortality." "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism." Boston, U.S.A.: Colby & Rich. London: Office of the Psychological Review.

two persons to see more closely eye to eye than we did. Given a certain position, I could answer for Epes Sargent's action as I could for my own. Writing to me early in the year that carried him from us, he says [Jan. 18, 1880]:—"You may truly count on me as an ally so long as I am not *hors de combat*, and even then, so far as wishes and prayers may go. You have thus far nobly fought the good fight, and I see no instance in which you have not said and done the right thing." I must be pardoned if I seem to tread near to the borders of egotism. His many too kind expressions of personal approval and generous praise shall appear in my extracts as rarely as may be; but it is necessary for me to point out that the letters, from which I am about to quote, gain an added value from the fact that they were the open expression of his mind, without reservation or afterthought, written to one with whom he was on terms of cordial and most affectionate intimacy. That this should have been so, that no cloud should have descended upon our intercourse until death changed its method, but not its character, that he should have approved a very difficult course of action, and have sustained me throughout with his advice and sympathy—of all this I am reasonably proud. I refer to it only to point out how in this respect his letters are the more valuable.

Once more, I propose to select only from the correspondence of his last two and a half years. The whole voluminous mass is too unwieldy, and the cream of his matured thought is contained in such letters as fill that period. During that time many burning questions occupied our anxious thought. To them I shall not refer beyond recording his agreement with the course of action that I felt it right to pursue. I shall reopen no controversies, and, I trust, say no word to wound or annoy any one. There are subjects which are of more general interest, in which no painful memories are involved, and on which his ripe thoughts will be read without diversity of opinion.

#### DECLINING HEALTH.

It was in the month of August, 1878, when the heavy work which had long pressed upon me was breaking down my health, that Epes Sargent first complained to me of his own physical state. He had been ill for a long time. In a subsequent letter he tells me that for twelve years past he had hardly expected to live from year to year. But it is characteristic of his unselfishness that, though he had written to me on most subjects, he had not mentioned his own health. I had written rather heartlessly of my own state, especially of a diminished

mental energy which oppressed me. He replies under date August 18th, 1878:—

"Your letter has done me good. I find so much in it that meets my case, and with which I can very fully sympathise. I too have been depressed by the weather or other causes, whether physical or spiritual. I too 'have not had the power of working in leisure hours, but would dream or fall asleep.' I have not yet emerged from the valley. A sort of *tedium vite* seemed to take possession of me, and I have at moments found myself sympathising more than I once thought it could ever be possible with my friend Professor F. W. Newman, who once wrote me that his feeling in regard to life's continuance in the future was one of great indifference. All this, I know, in my own case was purely morbid, the result of influences from the weather and from my bronchial affection. Mr. W. R. Greg tells us that the desire of immortality weakens as we advance in years. That physical debility may frequently be accompanied by an apathetic feeling in regard to mortal life, is natural and likely. But *the heart cries out for immortality (with me) more strenuously than ever.*\* I agree with Buckle that the affections offer a guarantee of future life which no argument can affect. But something more was needed to crush out my besetting scepticism, and it came in the overwhelming facts of Spiritualism. *I know now that whatever morbid feelings may assail me, death will not be the end of me.*"

In that faith he never faltered. At the time of his death Col. Bundy published in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* a touching letter, which I here reproduce.

"Boston, Dec. 2nd, 1880.

"My dear Bundy,—Thanks for your kind and generous offer to come on. But I see no immediate need. My attack is chiefly neuralgic—an almost constant pain, day and night. While I write I have to hold a flannel dipped in laudanum to my left temple. The hardest thing to bear is to have to curb my thinking as much as practicable. It seems as if two contending forces were at work—one party trying to pull me over, the other to keep me at my post. God knows how it will end, and I look upon it all with the utmost reverence, death being to my eyes a gracious, loving angel, ready to let down the bars at the fitting time, and to welcome me to the great realities of the unseen world. It is no spectral, ghastly thing to me, but a process full of tenderness and love, carrying

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\* In all cases, except where expressly stated otherwise, the italics in quotations are mine.

some wise purpose which, if veiled to me now, will all be very clear soon.

"Oh the great satisfaction of an absolute *knowledge* that these things are so; that our life, our individuality, all the treasures of memory, however slight, inhere in a supra-ethereal organism of which Death is the grand releaser! There are many things I would gladly forget—but Spiritualism shows that the only way of thrusting back into insignificance the bad or the unwelcome, is to have a constant, refreshing press of good thoughts, brave efforts for the truth, and loving sensibilities coming in as from some celestial fountain. Nothing in the memory perishes—a fearful thought, and in itself a religion! Yet what absolute justice there is in the provision!

"I am making a good fight for life, for there are many things I want to attend to before the welcome transition. And yet, according to the Adlerian philosophy, our belief unfits us for the vigorous life-work of the present. Was there ever an assertion falsier, or more at variance with the actual facts? As if the greatest thinkers and workers were not those who had the profoundest belief in their immortality!—Affectionately and truly,

"EPES SARGENT."

From the time of his first mention of his state, I used to question him, and most of his letters contain some touching words that show how steep was the gradient up which his enfeebled frame dragged the heavy load of life. During the opening months of 1880, he thus speaks of himself:—

[Jan. 18, 1880.] "I know you will be solicitous about my health, and my first words shall be of that. I am suffering from a complication of throat disorders, bronchial and catarrhal. Some two or three months ago in coughing I coughed so severely as to burst three blood-vessels on my forehead. The consequence was a formation of swellings which had to be lanced and treated surgically. All this has greatly shaken my nervous system, and caused depression. I am unfitted for work, and even for writing. . . . From the eccentricities in my long course of invalidism it sometimes seems as if spirit aids were on my side when I got to be very bad. *For twelve years I have not expected to live from year to year.*"

[Feb. 26th, 1880.] "I think my general health is improving. It is now more than two months since I have seen any of the *Banner* people. I walked into the Boston Post Office last Sunday, three miles from my house, and I walked a good part of the way back, and I should have walked the whole way if my brother, who was with me, had not wanted to ride. . . .



I am reading 34 two-column proofs of my Cyclopaedia every week, and am very busy."

In May he replies to a letter in which I had detailed some instances of the relief of pain by spirit-agency, among them some very rare ones of alleviation of my own sufferings from intense headache. But the temporary palliation of his agony soon passed away, and in the month of November he began to feel that the end was nigh. His last letter of Nov. 29th—there is one written just before his departure, but the November letter practically closes our correspondence—shows that pain had almost paralysed him. A great part of it relates to matters which I do not wish to revive, and I quote only that part which refers to himself:—

[May 30th, 1880.] "I learn with great satisfaction that you have found some relief from your ailments, and that through spirit-help. When I was at my worst I received a letter from Hudson Tuttle—one of condolence—for he seemed to think, as I did, that I was not long for this world. All at once, in the midst of his writing, his tone changed—there was a break—and he wrote me that a spirit had said to him audibly, "If you want him to recover, magnetise that paper, send it to him, and bid him wear it about his person." He did so, and I have had the paper about me ever since. It is a little odd (and there may have been other causes at work), but 'from the moment I received that paper' I began to get better. I have gone through exposures that I have not dared to venture on for years. My cough is almost entirely gone, and my general health is much improved. Do not think me over-credulous. Of course, I have no certainty that the paper has had any effect, but the coincidence is noteworthy, and there was nothing in my state at the time to justify the spirit's confident prediction as to my convalescence."

[Nov. 12th, 1880.] "My health has been retrograding, and I have not felt in the mood for work. I hope to rally once more."

[Nov. 17th, 1880.] "My health is still retrograding, and it is doubtful whether I shall rally again. I am afflicted with intense neuralgic pains in the head, which keep me awake at night, and give me little peace during the day. Whether you hear from me or no, be sure, dear friend, with whom I have worked for the truth so harmoniously these several years, that I shall carry into the unseen world a vivid remembrance of all you have been to me, and all you have done for the great facts which we *know* to be facts of science, but which the large



majority of cultivated people still look on with disdain, derision, or alarm. God bless you, dear friend. Wage the good fight, for it is a great truth that we have in hand, and all great truths are from the one Sender of good and truth. It is for the Divine Eternal Essence, for a conscious and loving God that we work in working for his truth. Great facts like Psychography and the Spirit-hand must yet be placed on a scientific basis, and a godless materialism must crumble under the superincumbent weight. God bless and strengthen you! God and his commissioned spirits have you in their holy and strength-giving keeping!—With constant love, yours always,  
 “E. S.”

[Nov. 29, 1880.] “I have just received yours of 13th, enclosing printed letter. . . . Be sure that no intelligent person in this country will misunderstand your position. . . . I write this under the severest possible neuralgic pains shooting through my head from one part to another. . . . I am wholly unfitted by pain for saying what I want. So, dear friend, God bless you, and good bye. Yours with love, in spite of this mortal anguish in my head.  
 “E. S.”

I shall have more to say of the closing moments of his earthly life when I come to quote his last words, and treat of his last book. For the present I recur to the more congenial subject of his strenuous life and abounding work. I say nothing here of his secular work, the newspapers that he edited, or enriched with his contributions:—the Dramas and Poems that his prolific pen threw off when less active minds would have been seeking repose:—the series of admirable school-books that he edited and compiled:—the great Cyclopædia of Poetry which he prepared for Messrs. Harper, and which cost him so much trouble at the last. These were to him the necessary means of livelihood. His labour of love was Spiritualism. For that he laboured with unflinching zeal that spent itself without hope or expectation of reward. “Thank the Lord,” he says, in a letter dated Oct. 4, 1880, “I have never asked or received a cent for all my labours on behalf of Spiritualism. It has been from first to last a labour of love.” He earned his living by sheer hard work in uncongenial drudgery, that he might give freely of his best to the cause he loved. It is a proud boast that he makes; yet I cannot help thinking that it would have been well if such a mind had been spared the hard drudgery, and if such talents had been exclusively devoted to the subject which he so well understood, and defended with such earnest zeal. I cannot help thinking that it will be a good day for Spiritualism when to its workers shall apply the principle that

applies to every other sphere of work, "The labourer is worthy of his hire." So only, in the nature of things, can the best talent be utilised. I sadly fear that Epes Sargent's life was shortened, and his best efforts frittered away by this necessity for quadruple toil; and though his efforts were prodigious, and his activity in every department of Spiritualism, especially in journalism, was incredible, I believe more sustained and concentrated effort, and more permanently valuable results might have been had from a monopoly of his splendid talents.

#### THE SCOPE OF HIS READING.

As it was, he found time for a very wide range of reading. His letters are full of evidence that he was omnivorous in his tastes. He read and reviewed most books that appeared in the literature of Spiritualism. But philosophy attracted him most. He had a keenly analytical mind, and the subtleties of the German school of philosophical thought were very congenial to his taste. I may illustrate this by some extracts from his letters which bear on Hartmann's ideas of Consciousness. This, among many other similar problems, greatly attracted him, and he spent much pains in refuting what he considered Hartmann's fallacies. When Charles Beecher published his book, Sargent writes me as follows:—

[February 3, 1879.] "A new work by Rev. Chas. Beecher. I have glanced at it, and the glance has not made me curious to read it. He frankly admits the phenomena, but does not go either into the facts or the philosophy to any extent. If we only had a Leibnitz or a Kant to go into the philosophy of the subject! Kant was more than half a spiritualist, and gave some good guesses in regard to a possible and probable intercommunion with a spiritual world. Leibnitz says, 'I am filled with astonishment at the nature of the human mind, of whose powers and capabilities we have no adequate conception.' And he said this in reference to a case of clairvoyance. I have begun reading Hartmann's 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' in a good French translation, for I am not a fluent reader of German. He seems at times on the verge of Theism, but draws back, and makes his God an unconscious agent, having only intelligence and will. . . . He is a jaunty pessimist; and from what I have read I think his work has been overrated as one of genius and power. . . . According to him the conscious springs from and reposes on the unconscious. Now, my knowledge of actual spiritual facts enables me just to reverse that theory, and to show that the uncon-

scious (intelligence) springs from and reposes on the conscious. There is no greater fallacy than to suppose that our external, normal consciousness is the *whole* of our consciousness. The facts of somnambulism taught me forty years ago that what Hartmann calls the unconscious is merely an effect of that high psychic consciousness to which we are not admitted in our normal state. . . . His work is really valuable to spiritualists as showing that there is a soul in Nature as well as in man and in all animated things."

In February and April he resumed the subject, and many times after recurred to it. He was possessed, and most rightly, with the notion that a patient study of the phenomena of somnambulism would throw light on some of the perplexing phenomena of Spiritualism, especially of Trance. He adopted the theory of what Swedenborg called *discrete degrees of consciousness*, and considered that what Dr. W. B. Carpenter calls *unconscious cerebration* was in reality a manifestation of activity on the part of the higher consciousness whose operations are, for the most part, hidden. His long experience in Mesmerism before the days of Modern Spiritualism had given him a great advantage in the study of the latter: and, at a later period, the case of Miss Fancher provided him with an opportunity of testing his ideas, of which he was not slow to avail himself. In February and April, 1879, (not to overweight my narrative with too minute quotations) he writes as follows:—

[Feb. 5, 1879.] "I am inclined to think there must be a great truth in what Swedenborg tells us of two minds in man, 'an inferior or exterior, and a superior or interior.' 'These two minds,' he says, 'are so distinct that man, so long as he lives in the world, does not know what is performing with himself in the superior mind.' How can we explain the phenomena of double consciousness except under some such theory as this? What Carpenter calls *unconscious cerebration*, may it not all be the conscious mental operation of the *superior mind* that is veiled, or, as Swedenborg would say, *discreted* from the *inferior*, i.e., the mind in its normal-state? I am not so sure that what Maudsley, Carpenter, Von Hartmann and others call the *unconscious* is really the unconscious, is not the higher consciousness unknown and ungrasped by the consciousness of the normal state, by the mind in its lower state of activity. Spiritualism and its phenomena, properly investigated, must inevitably throw a revolutionary light on these great psychological problems. Philosophy has been groping in the dark through its non-recognition of the facts

which our phenomena reveal. Read the speculations of Reid, Brown, Dugald Stewart, Von Hartmann on consciousness, and see how a few simple facts, like that of Psychography, for instance, would disintegrate and annul their theories."

[April 17, 1879.] "I am amazed at the barrenness of philosophical speculation on the subject of Double Consciousness. Herbart, who takes a *mechanical* view of the phenomena, seems to have had a glimpse of the real state of things. What Leibnitz and the rest have called *unconscious intelligence*, *automatic brainwork* (thought without a thinker!) is, I believe, all wrong. My theory is that there is always consciousness of some kind where there is thought. You will be surprised at the number of directly pertinent facts that can be brought to sustain this view. Its importance to Theism, and all belief in a conscious rational God is immense. If there is unconscious thought in the finite, why not in the Infinite: and why may not Hartmann be right in giving us an automaton Divinity, having Intelligence and Will, but no Consciousness, no Love, no discrimination between right and wrong? There are on record cases of persons living out two absolutely distinct, separate states of consciousness. Gregory affirms it, and there is a remarkable case in the United States to which I will one day draw your attention. I have seen so much of the difference between the somnambule and the normal consciousness that I cannot resist the inference from these great phenomena, Notwithstanding these apparently discrete states, the mind, though multiplex, is still one. There is a supreme state in which all minor states are fused and reconciled. I am far from agreeing with Serjeant Cox. But the great subject of consciousness is as yet a *terra incognita* in Philosophy."

"I regard *Double Consciousness* not as a theory, but as a demonstrated fact. I met it face to face every day for two years. The somnambule consciousness is distinct, yet embraces all the contents of the normal memory. Chauncey Hare Townshend, in his *Facts in Mesmerism*, describes it all; and my experience fully corroborates his. In experimenting I found the states wonderfully dissimilar. It was as if the higher could supervise all that was in the lower, but the lower could take no cognisance of what was in the higher. I do not accept Cox's (which is Wigar's) theory of cerebral hemispheres, etc.: and I am far from explaining our higher phenomena by the psychic force theory: but I think that psychometry explains some (not all) of the phenomena of trance, and so, by the law of parsimony, we must accept the minor where it suffices. I do not doubt the power of trance

mediums to communicate with spirits, and to receive influences from them: but I think that often the phenomena which the uninitiated take for the action of independent spirits is simply the work of the medium's own spiritual powers, of the exercise of which, in his normal state of consciousness, he is ignorant. I attribute much that is called *unconscious cerebration* to an active consciousness having a discrete relation to the normal. Long and repeated experience has generated this belief."

#### TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP.

Intimately connected with this subject is that of Trance. Epes Sargent had no very close sympathy with what popularly passes current as trance-speaking, or control. While he fully accepted the utterances so given through a carefully-guarded mediumship, so far as they were commendable to his reason, he had little belief in the free use of great names, and scant respect for much that passes current for "*inspirational teaching*." He had a keen eye for the ludicrous side of such assumptions: and the inclination of his mind led him to attach a preponderating value to facts which could be scientifically demonstrated, such as Psychography. He had not, as a matter of fact, had any opportunity of seeing and testing the phenomena of abnormal speaking and writing under carefully guarded conditions. The average platform utterance of a controlled trance-medium did not "feed" him: though he was liberal enough to see that the food so ministered might be of the greatest service to others less advanced on the plane of thought than himself. He used frequently to acquiesce in my repeated expression of belief that the various discourses lavishly published from week to week in *The Banner of Light* were useful and good nutriment for many of its readers. He and I had both worked beyond the need of sermonising, but the many have not. This is a matter of idiosyncrasy. I know many advanced thinkers, who certainly have no need to have any subject thought out for them, who yet find both pleasure and profit from what I should regard as profitless. It is a matter, first, of idiosyncrasy, and next, of early training.

And the religious aspect of Spiritualism, though, as I shall presently show, he appreciated it in his own way, had no such hold on him as scientifically provable facts. If he had had more experience of the way in which a highly developed sensitive, who is preserved from the necessity of using the gifts of mediumship in public, can be made use of for instruction in the profounder mysteries of life, I know my friend well enough to be sure how he would have fastened on the chance of enlightenment. But he was horrified by the flood of

vapid verbiage that drenched him from a thousand platforms, as some of us have been nauseated by the ceaseless flow of lukewarm platitudes that issues from a thousand pulpits. The pretence of great names to hide the nakedness of thought was to him repulsive. Between this ludicrous pretext, and the turgid flood of words,—Words! Words! Words! Shakspeare! Franklin! Paul! Bacon! Christ!—he fairly “gat him out and fled.”

The following extracts from letters written in May and July, 1879, are full of sagacity, and adequately give his tone of thought:—

[May 11, 1879.] “What you say of ——’s control by —— confirms what I have been preaching for the last twenty-five years, as you may see by my *Planchette*. Great harm is done to Spiritualism in the eyes of thoughtful men by these wild assumptions. It is not so much the *style* to which I demur as the *thoughts*. I had no high opinion of —— as a judicious character in championing Spiritualism; but I think if he came back he would have something fresh, and decisive, and incisive to say to us. . . . And here, as I write, is a most imprudent and unaccountable book—— —— in which most astounding liberties are taken with great men’s names. And such stuff! How any educated man could persuade himself that this pointless and meaningless stuff should be genuine, is one of the things inexplicable. . . . I had passed through all these phenomena of medial writing, spirit communications, etc., fifteen years before Modern Spiritualism broke out. I had studied one phase of the subject in advance, and under remarkably good opportunities: seeing an excellent somnambulist daily for two years, and subjecting her to most satisfactory tests, by which I was fully convinced of some, at least, of the phenomena.”

[July 13, 1879.] “I am convinced that those sensitives who give themselves up to promiscuous controls cannot distinguish often between genuine spirit-impressions and the products of their own fantasy: between real clairvoyant flashes and purely imaginative suggestions. . . . Of the activity of mischievous and misleading spirits, as well as of sincere but jesuitical ones, and also of good and liberal ones, I think there can be no doubt. . . . And what is to be our attitude? How are we to meet these tendencies? Only by confining ourselves, it seems to me, to a strictly scientific, demonstrable basis. ‘Here are our facts, our phenomena, gentlemen: and here are our legitimate inferences from them.’ But when we transcend demonstrable phenomena and their strictly legitimate influences, we enter the ontological realm and leave science behind



us. We become metaphysicians. Our speculations should be kept distinct from our basis of knowledge. *I believe with you that all that gives worth to Spiritualism is its religious significance.\** But the minute we allow any man or any spirit to impose on us a 'Thus saith the Lord,' we part with our *intellectual*, aye, and our *moral* liberty. Our own reason must be the ultimate umpire. The whole history of Pneumatology, back to the first recorded syllable of time, is strewn with the *debris* of these wrecked and exploded fantasies, where poor finite, fallible mortals have claimed to speak from the dictation of Jesus, the Saints, and even of the Almighty himself. I have personally known such deplorable cases long before Modern Spiritualism emerged into notice."

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As prophetic of what we may expect from Spiritualism as it develops and spreads, and its highest teachings prevail—teachings which in conjunction with all that physical science can reveal to us will be simply a formulated expression of the laws of our highest welfare, as destined to supersede all that is false and transitory in human dogmatisms, laws, and systems—let me call your attention to a passage which I have never seen quoted. It is a passage from Lessing, the illustrious German author, and was written a hundred years ago. He is speaking of the education of the race, of its ethical progress and purification, in which he fully believed. For him the education of mankind is freedom; the transformation of certain religious and moral truths into truths of reason; a state of things when man will do good for the sake of the good, and laws and social customs will be made to conform to facts of Nature as manifest in man's highest development. In a sublime apostrophe, which every impatient Spiritualist, who wonders why Spiritualism has not accomplished more than it seems to have done, will do well to ponder, Lessing exclaims: "Pass on with thy silent step, Eternal Providence! Only let me not, on account of its silence, doubt Thy progress, even if Thou shouldst sometimes appear to go backwards. It is not true that the straight line is always the shortest. Thou hast so much to take with Thee in Thy eternal way! So many side steps to make!" And then, as if with the prevision of a seer, he distinctly recognised the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and the issues to which a knowledge of immortality must ultimately conduct the human race, Lessing exclaims: "It will come, it will certainly come—that time of perfect development, when man, *the more firmly he becomes convinced of a better future, will have less necessity to borrow from that future the motives of his actions*; when he will do good because it is good, not because he expects arbitrary rewards, which were formerly designed merely to fix and strengthen his inconstant recognition of the inner and better rewards of virtue. *It will surely come—the era of that new gospel.*"—EPES SARGENT.

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\* The italics are not mine.



## ANOTHER SYMPOSIUM.

## SCIENTIFIC INCREDULITY.\*

BY PROFESSOR BARRETT.

It is suggestive to notice how the desultory conversation at a dinner-table is instantly hushed, and everyone falls into an attitude of "expectant attention" directly the subject of ghosts or of spiritualistic phenomena is broached, and this notwithstanding the cautious and circuitous manner in which the question is usually approached. This would not be the case if Society really disbelieved in the existence of preternatural phenomena as much as it professes to,—that instinctive hush is an unconscious revelation from the depths of our being. So it was a few nights after the occurrence related in the preceding paper (*Psychological Review*, Sept., 1881) when our hospitable friend N., entertaining a small circle of bachelors at his beautiful place, broke into the conversation at dinner by saying to me—

"Have you heard that Mr. C., who has taken my brother's house in town for the season, has a little daughter in whose presence raps and disturbances occur very like those we heard with Mr. A. and his cousin?"

"No, I had not heard it; this is very interesting," I remarked. "Are all the family over here?"

"Yes, and their little girl Florrie with them."

"And has the rapping demon come over with her?" I said.

"Undoubtedly, and seems wonderfully invigorated by the change of air, for they have never had such undeniable evidence of its existence before, the raps are so frequent and occur in broad daylight—only the child is an essential factor."

"Of course it is," interrupted Dr. Smith—a mutual friend—laughingly. "It is by no means uncommon to find young children practising objectless deceit on their parents in this way. The mind in such cases is temporarily diseased, and often resorts to abnormal cunning and trickery; this is quite a sufficient explanation of the whole affair, you will find."

"I am not so sure of that," replied N., "for the little girl is particularly healthy, and care has been taken by the parents to remove every element of doubt as to the point you name. Moreover, I am told the knocks have been heard in positions far out of reach of the child."

"You can't localise sound," replied Dr. Smith, "the knocks may *appear* to come from the ceiling, when really the child was making them with her toes on the floor."

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\* These conversations are a continuation of the "Familiar Talks on Spiritualism" which appeared in a previous number.

"That has often been suggested," I said, "but my impression is that with ordinarily acute hearing it is quite possible to localise the sound of a rap. Shall we try the experiment?"

"An excellent idea; would you mind being the subject of experiment?" remarked N.

"Not at all; let some one get under the dinner-table and knock on the under surface, and I will try to spot the place."

"I think I shall puzzle you; let me be the tricky sprite," said the doctor.

Forthwith Dr. Smith disappeared from view, and, to make sure, I agreed to be blindfolded. The doctor tapped once or twice in one place. "About here," I said, putting my finger on the table. Looking below the table, N. exclaimed, "Right, within a few inches; try again, doctor."

A second, third, and fourth trial having been made in different places, dodging about, in every case it proved easy to localise the sound to within a few inches.

"I give in," said Dr. Smith, emerging, "for if you can approximately fix the position on the table, it is more probable you could determine the general direction of a sound in a room, whether on the floor, ceiling, or table."

"Now, Doctor, will you come and judge for yourself?" said N. "Mr. C. would be glad to have the matter investigated."

"No, thank you, I haven't time," he replied. "Life is too short for such inquiries."

"You will not refuse," said N. to me.

"I shall be only too glad to go after what you have said, if Mr. C. will allow me, and will consent to arrange for some hour when we shall have good daylight."

"So it shall be," said N.

"By the way, Dr. Smith," I said, "have you heard of that remarkable case of abnormally high temperature occurring to a patient now in one of the Dublin hospitals?"

"Oh, yes; the temperature rises occasionally, with a run, up to 125° Fah., and has several times been seen up to 140° Fah."\*

"But do you mean to say you believe this?" I asked. "Death occurs immediately at such exalted temperatures all medical authorities assure us; why, albumen coagulates at 165° Fah., and the temperature of the body in disease rarely varies so high as 10° above its normal temperature—100° Fah."

"Well, it's a most extraordinary case, I admit, and I never should have believed it had I not myself seen the patient, and carefully and repeatedly taken the temperature," remarked the doctor.

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\* This is an actual case.

"I am glad that your incredulity has given in to personal observation. Will you not now agree to a remark made to me by our host a few evenings ago,\* after observation had broken down his scepticism with regard to knockings such as you were laughing at a moment ago?"

"Anything that N. says I will agree to. What was his remark?"

"That incredulity really becomes mere superstition when credence is utterly refused to any fact out of the range of one's own knowledge or experience, however well attested that fact may be."

"You are very hard on me," said the doctor, laughing; "but indeed I could not help making much the same remark to myself on St. Andrew's night, as I sat between two of our leading scientific men at the Scotch Benevolent Society dinner. My friends on each side were both M.D.'s, both Fellows of the Royal Society, and both Professors at Trinity. One of them, Dr. M., is consulting surgeon to the hospital where this patient is, and he affirmed he had with special 'Kew tested' thermometers taken the temperature of this particular case again and again, and found the temperatures I have named. To this my other neighbour, Dr. H., replied, point blank, he refused to believe it, the woman was tricking. 'Impossible!' said Dr. M. 'You can't fathom the cunning of hysterical patients, my dear M.," said Dr. H., 'the woman had got a can of hot water concealed about her.' 'This is too absurd,' replied M.; 'she is unable to leave her bed.' 'You put the thermometer into a poultice,' then, said Dr. H. 'Ridiculous! she had no poultice. Moreover, I tested her in her mouth, her armpits, with her whole arms bared, and in other parts of her body, with the results I tell you.' 'I have no doubt you thought the temperature to be what you said, but I don't believe it, it is contrary to all physiological laws. I wouldn't believe it if all the medical men in Dublin swore to the fact. You were cunningly imposed upon, and that's an end of it.' This is what passed between my two medical friends, and objecting to the utterly unscientific spirit displayed by Dr. H., and to his intolerable arrogance, I—though quite believing M. might have been mistaken—asked permission to go and see this patient. So I went yesterday and again to-day, taking my own thermometers, and found all M. had stated was literally true!"

"Now, my dear Doctor," said N., "how can you, after displaying such a truly scientific spirit in this matter, decline to investigate these equally unbelievable raps?"

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\* See *Psychological Review*, vol. iii. p. 185.

"That is not my profession," replied Dr. Smith, "but I shall be glad to hear the result of your inquiries—though to assume they are done by 'spirits' is an *impossible hypothesis!*"

"We don't assume any theory," I remarked; "we have simply to find if the facts stated are true; students of nature, above all men, are bound to be loyal to truth, and we cannot be loyal to truth if we attempt to force our own beliefs or disbeliefs upon the phenomena we witness, bringing our pre-conceived notions to explain them, or explain them away."

"Quite true," rejoined Dr. S.; "nevertheless science has now a broad basis of fundamental laws, established by long and wide observation, which we must respect; and it is far more probable that we are mistaken when our individual observation runs counter to one of these laws, than that they are in any way infringed."

"Assuredly; but no one says these phenomena shake our faith in the practical stability of the laws of nature. The law of the conservation of energy remains true for us and for our universe, albeit the subsequent discovery of the law of the dissipation of energy shows that all the energies of the visible universe had a beginning in time, and will have an end in time—that is to say, they came to us from the unseen, and will eventually pass back to the unseen. Professor Balfour Stewart has, you know, powerfully developed this idea in his 'Unseen Universe.' I remember that the eminent authors of that work assert as the result of their purely scientific reasoning that there is an 'invisible order of things intimately connected with the present, and capable of acting energetically upon it,' and in another passage they go further, and conclude that the invisible world probably acts on the human mind, 'and may have a very wide but undiscernible influence.' Now this invisible world must presumably contain an intelligent existence or existences, and if so some evidence of these existences may be attainable even from these much derided raps. We have nothing to do with the apparently stupid character of that evidence, the stupidity *may* be ours. To the materialist in his prison-house, surely these phenomena, however stupid, will be to him as loopholes—miserably small and begrimed perhaps—but still loopholes in his prison walls, through them he may gaze into the far country, and gain a larger view of his relations with the infinite than he has ever obtained in his prison rounds."

"Yes, if Spiritualists can establish their case, Materialism goes to the wall of course; but how is it," added Dr. Smith, "that in spite of Spiritualism having now been before the world for some time, our recognised leaders of thought and

our chief students of science still shun its very name, and denounce it as an unmitigated imposture? Surely if there was anything in it, this widespread scepticism would not exist."

"In reply to what you say, I would first correct your assumption; several of our chief students in science, such as Crookes and Wallace, have, as every one knows, investigated Spiritualism, and pinned their reputation to the genuineness of the phenomena. And does *any one* know of a single eminent man who has honestly and patiently investigated the subject, and yet ultimately come to the conclusion that it is *all* humbug or illusion? I know of none, but I do know quite the contrary result is invariably attained. Putting this aside, I think you will find the reason why these occult phenomena have been neglected by the majority of thinking men—or else explained, *à priori*, in a thousand wrong ways—when you recall the lessons of the past. Look at the steady persistent refusal of medical men to believe in mesmerism or hypnotism, and the persecution men like Elliotson, Esdaile, and, in a less degree, Braid had to endure. Go farther back, and look at the origin and growth of all new departures in science. The natural conservatism of the well-to-do develops, especially among a medical clique, into a trades union, far more detestable than anything Broadhead and the Sheffield grinders were guilty of."

"That is rather hard upon us," interrupted the Doctor.

"Pray forgive me. I spoke generically, and of that class of medical men whose contracted and selfish views you, I know, would condemn as heartily as I do."

"Yes, I quite agree with you. Though disagreeing *toto cœlo* from Homœopathy, I was disgusted at the miserable trades unionism exhibited towards Dr. Kidd at the last illness of Lord Beaconsfield. Religious intolerance, for which there is some excuse, is rivalled by the intolerable bigotry of most medical men, for which there is no excuse."

"Bravo! I remember that there is a suggestive passage in the 'Vestiges of Creation' on the point I was speaking of. You have a copy, N.?"

"Yes; we will adjourn to the library, where we shall find the book and some cigars."

"By all means. . . . Here is the book, and here are the words written of a doctrine which, as developed by Wallace and Darwin, it is now rank heresy for a naturalist to disbelieve:—

"'The reception of novelties,' so the gifted author of the 'Vestiges of Creation' long since wrote, 'The reception of novelties in science must ever be regulated very much by

the amount of kindred or relative phenomena which the public mind already possesses and acknowledges, to which the new can be assimilated. A novelty, however true, if there be no received truths with which it can be shown in harmonious relation, has little chance of a favourable hearing. In fact, as has been often observed, there is a measure of incredulity from our knowledge as well as from our ignorance, and if the most distinguished philosopher three hundred years ago had ventured to develop any striking new fact, which only could be harmonised with the (as yet) unknown Copernican solar system, we cannot doubt that it would have been universally scoffed at in the scientific world, such as it then was, or, at least, interpreted in conformity with ideas already familiar.' I think this passage very clearly sets forth one reason why spiritualistic phenomena have been received first with neglect, and then with contempt."

"Yes," said N. "The law of the association of ideas compels us to hang a fresh idea, somehow or other, on to our previous stock of ideas, and if there is no mental peg for it to hang on, the idea drops off; if it presents itself again, we get annoyed at the intruder, and kick it out. I think that is the bearing of a good many minds towards any preternatural phenomenon that floats across their notice. It certainly was mine till quite lately, but thanks to our visit to B.—and what you have told me since—I no longer can sit in the seat of the scornful."

"The wonderful thing is that we should ever have believed anything," I remarked, "if our whence and whither are as the materialists assert. If our life were but a fleeting show, and humanity but a walking 'bag of loose sensations,' how have we ever been able to assimilate a single idea which transcends a sense impression? But this train of thought is bearing us away from our topic. Going back to what you said just now, Doctor, that it is an 'impossible hypothesis' to assume the agency of spirits in the production of these raps and other disturbances, reminds me of the fact that Professor Ray Lankester, of Slade notoriety, used a precisely similar expression with regard to the so-called thought-reading. He was asked by a distinguished friend to accompany him to see Mr. Bishop's experiments, but when he went, he objected to those present, even testing whether the results he witnessed were achieved by any process of 'thought-reading,' on the ground of its being 'puerile to experiment on an impossible hypothesis'!"

"Is that a fact?" broke in N.

"It is indeed. This omniscient young biologist not only has all the complex manifestations of life in the past and



present completely within his grasp, but he knows also all its possibilities in the future! There is no unexplored region, for, to him, the doctrine of evolution is more than the obsolete 'candle of the Lord,' it is the electric light of the ages; in its flashing rays he has paced up and down the corridors of time—past, present, and future—searched every nook and cranny, knows what there has been, what there is, and what there will be discovered; all things are naked and open to the sight of him who, having eaten of this tree of knowledge, has become a veritable God!"

"I wish it had been a tree of knowledge," said N; "rather, was it not a feast of living blood? Nothing less would satisfy so ardent a vivisectionist."

"Pray don't get on that subject, my dear N. You know we differ widely," exclaimed Dr. S.

"It is my fault," I remarked, "for mentioning any names. But I must do Professor Lankester the justice to add that he is not by any means singular in his opinion on the subject of 'thought-reading' or 'transfusion of ideas.' I was dining at a scientific friend's house the other day, and met a gathering of famous men, among whom was the world-renowned and immortal Helmholtz. I had just come back from Buxton, where I had been making some experiments on 'thought-reading,' some of the results of which appeared in *Nature*\* of that week. My host referred to the subject and indulged in a little quiet chaff at my expense. This led to a general conversation on the subject; with one exception, every one exhibited a scepticism almost as ferocious as they subsequently displayed towards the dim shadow of Spiritualism. Turning to Helmholtz, who had been a quiet listener so far, I asked him whether he had seen anything of the kind in Germany. 'I have heard of it,' he replied, 'but refuse to see it. It is quite impossible.' 'But may I ask what explanation can you give of the facts I have stated; I am not wedded to any theory.' 'No explanation beyond trickery is necessary,' he replied, 'you have been imposed upon.' 'Pardon me; but suppose other trustworthy witnesses had taken the precaution, as I did, to exclude fraud, and had obtained the same results, what would you say?' 'I should refuse to believe them,' he rejoined. 'But imagine you yourself having seen the experiments with the same result—as I venture to say you would—what, may I ask, would you say then?' 'I should refuse to believe the evidence of my senses rather than believe in any such delusion as mind acting on mind without the intervention

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\* See *Psychological Review* (vol. iii.) for October.



of the senses. Thought-reading, supersensuous perception, or whatever you call it, is all chicanery.' Thus the great Helmholtz: and yet, I suppose, he believes in the transmission of signals to and from America at a rate rivalling that of a conversation between friends, a fact that was equally an 'impossible hypothesis' one hundred years ago."

"Did not you tell me a similar case of incredulity when the phonograph was first shown in Europe?" inquired N.

"Yes," I answered. "The Count du Moncel, who was the first to receive and exhibit the instrument in France, showed it at a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, and the Count himself told me that when, at a previous meeting, he described the instrument, the thing was ridiculed as an impossibility; one savant proving, to the satisfaction of his brethren, that on *à priori* grounds the so-called invention must be a gross imposition. When the Count exhibited the instrument, he was still met by scepticism, one savant maintained that it was a trick; another that a ventriloquist among the listeners imitated, when the handle was turned, the sounds made previously to the machine. This explanation was applauded; the squeaky Punch and Judy reproduction of the voice which the machine gave forth being appealed to in corroboration of the explanation. 'Try it yourselves one by one alone,' said the Count. 'It is not worth wasting our time over it,' urged some. However, one more bold did try it in an adjoining room, and came back for another member, and then another, till all were convinced. At the next meeting of the Academy those fiercest in their scepticism were taking pains to prove that there was nothing particularly new in the invention!"

"I wonder no scientific body has ever started an Inquisition," said N. "The attitude of the fraternity towards scientific heresies would give plenty of occupation to the executive committee of a properly equipped inquisition, with all the latest things in torture!"

"Public opinion which, I must say, on the whole wisely, bows to authority, supplies this want; there are plenty of intellectual martyrs to science in every decade," I remarked. "It would not be well to hang loosely by our moorings, I admit; the fault lies in asserting that those who may be moored a little further from the shore than we happen to be, *cannot* see the objects they declare to be in the offing, because *we* have not seen them, or cannot see them."

"Well," said Dr. S., "I have listened with interest to your arguments, but I am not convinced. By the way, I should, after all, like to go with you to Mr. C.'s if you think he

would not object to a hardened sceptic like myself hearing these wonderful raps."

"He would rejoice at your scepticism," said N., "come and unravel the mystery, and bring the dry and clear light of science to bear on these mystic raps!"

"But don't expect to get them to order," I exclaimed, "any more than you would expect to secure a meteorite by watching for it."

"I will be as reasonable as my nature will allow—only tell it not in Gath, or I shall never hear the last of these raps, the subject is one peculiarly open to the assaults of the Philistines: moreover, to more than two-thirds of my patients my 'respectability' will have been irretrievably injured if they think I have any leaning towards such an 'insane delusion' as Spiritualism,—and my practice will accordingly suffer. This is a very selfish reason, but I can't afford to be ruined."

"Do not be alarmed, we will ask Mr. C. if he can fix a day next week. We will all three go together," said N.

"Many thanks; I see I can catch this next train. Good-night!"

(To be continued.)

IN the bases of belief established by Spiritualism we let go much that has in the past been held *de fide*. But what of that? If the theories of the past clash with the facts and reason of to-day, so much the worse for the theories. It is no question here about Spiritualism unsettling men's minds; the unsettling has been done by other agencies, and is complete. What Spiritualism proposes to do is to build up again the citadel of faith on a stronger and more endurable basis than before.—*A New Basis of Belief*.

SPIRITUALISM steps in just at the moment when the drift of modern thought was carrying men daily farther and farther away from the old time mooring-places, and, by its phenomenal evidence, proves and substantiates the fast-fading belief in the spiritual nature and constitution of man. Out of the facts of Spiritualism has grown a living faith. Speculative belief in immortality has given place to a real and living communion with those who have passed beyond the bounds of time. No longer compelled to "evolve a future from our inner consciousness"—as one of the daily papers once put it—but basing our claim to belief on what we have heard with our ears, and seen with our eyes, and handled with our hands, the *possibility* of immortality no longer concerns us. The palpable demonstrations of well-attested facts—of facts made evident to the senses—supplies a certain conviction, and with this absolute assurance comes a joy and moral influence that no "cultivated belief" in immortality could or can supply.—J. S. FARMER.

## SOME THOUGHTS REGARDING THE MYSTICAL DEATH.—PART III.

BY MRS. A. M. HOWITT-WATTS.

### A GROUP OF PILGRIMS.

HAVING presented the readers of the *Psychological Review* already with two striking instances of "Mystical Death" in the physically moribund, it was the intention of the writer to press forward to the consideration of analagous experiences in the development of so-called "mediumistic" persons. Interest, however, having been excited by the death-bed "pilgrimage" of the "aged philosopher," she is induced to believe that further evidence of the not infrequent existence of similar phenomena may be acceptable. The two first narratives are taken from the diary of the writer; the third from a letter to herself from a personal friend.

### THE MYSTICAL DEATH OF A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

I have a friend, a Sister of Mercy, who resides in the south of England. During a visit paid to her early in the summer of 1881, I used to hear of her daily visiting an aged neighbour who was dying. This neighbour was much respected in the little country-town. He was eighty years of age, and was "studgroom" to the great family of the neighbourhood, whom for fifty years he had faithfully served. Twelve months previously his wife had died suddenly. He had not, it was remarked, recovered his usual health or cheerfulness since his great loss. He had remained very quiet and unwontedly full of thought. His amiable, sweet-looking young daughters strove to make his home bright and happy, but still he remained evidently mourning inwardly for his "dear Betsy," his lost wife. Now he was sinking gradually from old age and depression. The action of the heart was affected, and he, at times, suffered greatly from difficulty of breathing.

"The family," now returned to the hall, heard with sorrow of the condition of their old and valued servant. Some member of the family daily visited him—frequently flowers and fruit were taken by "her ladyship" to the dying man. Occasionally I accompanied Lady — on these visits. I had no desire to enter the house of death, rather the contrary, knowing how important it is to keep the chamber of the dying free from the troublous presence of strangers.

Nevertheless I was prevailed upon. We found him dressed and seated by the window of his sitting-room, in his arm-chair. His countenance and hands were like those of an effigy of

wax. He was fitfully conscious of external things—he gasped for breath, but otherwise appeared without physical suffering. His daughters with sad, sweet faces, watched him. He appeared quite conscious that visitors had come to see him, and delighted to welcome “my lady,” who took her seat by the side of the old man, tears in her kind eyes, as she sympathetically inquired after his condition, and, as he gasped for air, ever and anon fanning him with a large fan. Meanwhile I conversed with one of the daughters.

“My father,” said she, “talks so strangely; he is quite *light-headed!* He is constantly *seeming to see* people and things—such queer things! He thinks evidently that he is about to take a long journey.”

“Possibly,” I suggested, “he may really see these things and people, though you may not do so. And as to the journey, perhaps *he means his journey to the next world!* You have, no doubt, read ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and it strikes me that your father is now very much like Christian in ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and that he is setting out upon that very same journey.”

The young girl caught at the idea evidently with joy. “Certainly he *is* going a very long journey! I see it now! I feel greatly relieved and comforted.”

She promised to carefully note what her father said, and to answer him as though his remarks and questions referred to things and persons which she herself could perceive also. She would no longer contradict his fancies as previously. Her ladyship then rose to leave, very sympathetically bidding the old servitor good-bye. His last words to her—indeed, they were his very last words on earth to her—were, “Take good care of my Lord”—words uttered with a sentiment of devotion in them affecting to remember. His last thoughts, his last interests, were bound up with “the family.” On the morning previous to his decease he eagerly stood up by his window to watch a valuable mare and foal pass on their way to the stables. “Tom,” said he, “must look well after them now, for to-morrow I shall be gone on my long journey.”

Assuredly on the morrow he *was* gone.

The news having reached the hall that the old servitor was no more, Lady ——— requested “Sister E.” (the Sister of Mercy) and myself to see the bereaved daughters and hear what had occurred since her visit.

The daughters were tearful, nevertheless there was an almost radiant calmness in their manner when speaking of their great loss. “We have so much to comfort us,” they said, “we think that we shall never fear death again. We remem-

bered," they continued, "that you suggested that we should take note of the words spoken by our dear father, and that we should regard him as being a pilgrim, like Christian on his pilgrimage, and should believe that he really saw what he said he saw. We did so, and the words which he spoke, and the things which he seemed to see, have greatly comforted us." They then related as follows:—

The dominant idea of their father, after we had left him, was that he had to cross a river by a bridge\* that lay before him. Numbers of persons were present watching him, he said: some of these persons, he declared, "grinned at him." This distressed him. Also upon the bridge stood a dog which also "grinned." He had flung two stones at the dog, but it still remained and "grinned." I have only my stick left, said he, and *that* I cannot throw at the dog. He appeared greatly troubled at not being able to cross this bridge, and spoke much of the necessity which existed that he should procure his *reprieve*. This "reprieve," he said, the physician would give him. He believed that the physician was already in the house. "You mean Dr. S.?" suggested his daughter, meaning the physician who attended him in his illness."

"Dr. S.!" returned he, somewhat impatiently, "No, no! not Dr. S.! No. *The physician who is waiting here. He will give it me! You mayn't see him, but I do! You are not sick, but I am. He comes to the sick.*" "And when Jesus heard that, he said, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick" (Matthew 9:12).

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\* The necessity to cross *water* in the visions of the dying is referred to with much illustration of interest in Mrs. De Morgan's invaluable work, "From Matter to Spirit," Longmans, London, 1863—a work now unfortunately out of print. The author says, speaking of the dying, "The traveller seems to realise *water*, and sometimes this is spoken of as a *sea* or a *river* which he has to cross. This fact of frequent occurrence is used by Mr. Dickens in his 'Death of little Paul Dombey,' etc., etc.—From "Matter to Spirit," p. 182. *Vide* also p. 184, where is given an account of a child who, dying, is heard making his little confession of child-like sins to some invisible presence; after which he joyfully exclaims that *now* he *can cross Jordan*, and sees his grandmother, and a great company come to take him away with them! The student of Dante cannot fail to remember the beautiful words of termination to Canto xxx. of the Purgatory, where Beatrice (Celestial Wisdom) having manifested herself in all her splendour to Dante, by her reproaches, causes Dante to weep with contrition for his forgetfulness of her before he can be drawn across Lethe in preparation for his entrance to Paradise.

"It were a breaking of God's high decree,  
If Lethe should be pass'd, and such food tasted  
Without the cost of some repentant tear."

The faithful old servant, in our narrative, as we shall see, could *not cross over the river by the bridge until he had obtained his reprieve from "the Good Physician."*

He spoke frequently about the long journey he was about to undertake. He appeared to be somewhat burdened regarding the amount of his luggage. But he thought that this luggage would be taken for him by a dog-cart from the hall stables; *that* would be arranged. He soon ceased to trouble much about his luggage,\* but he was extremely urgent to be off. He had seen the night before his "dear Betsy." She would be waiting for him at the end of his journey—and it was such a long journey! There was a great company waiting for him. He was anxious to be nicely dressed. He was anxious about his boots. They must be very well cleaned, they must be very bright! He wanted to put them on there and then.† He then remained cumbered for sometime about many little matters.

Late in the evening, Mr. B. the curate, whom he greatly liked, and who had occasionally visited him in his illness, came in to see the dying man, and prayed with him, his daughters kneeling round his bed. Unity in prayer, the sacrifice of their wills to God, the sweet communion of heavenly converse, had brought evidently with them a condition of harmony. The old man became quite tranquil. He dosed a little. Waking up he said that *now* he could cross the bridge. He had obtained his "reprieve"—the grinning dog was no longer there. His staff was in his hand, and that would help him. ("My rod and my staff shall comfort thee.")

He had crossed the bridge—but still he had not come to his

\* In the "*Fioretti*" of St. Francis of Assisi is given a vision of Frate Leoni, one of the disciples of St. Francis, in which he beholds a very wide and impetuous river that has to be crossed by the group of "Brothers." The first are heavily laden with the burden of their various possessions. They enter the wild waters, but struggling with them in vain—being so pressed with their burdens—sink in the flood and are drowned. The second group carry nothing with them; in them, as the text has it, "shines forth holy poverty" ("*ne' quali rilucea la santa povertade*,") and these pass safely and joyously across the river. The spirit which crosses the River of Life must not be burdened with "luggage"—with the thought of earthly cares, or possessions of any kind. Leave them all to God, He will provide.

† Like the spirit-man on the Etruscan-tomb, he desired "to bind on his sandals" for the journey. He had, we see, been anxious to "keep his staff in his hand;" he would not fling it away even to defend himself from the "grinning" *Cerberus* that guarded the bridge over the river of Death and Life. "Translate the old man's words into the language of the Scriptures"—or of the poets—and see, at once, how much poetry and dignity come into the simple narrative! Translate again by "Law of correspondence" these symbols of poetic-diction into conditions of the mind and heart, and at once how instructive regarding the regeneration of man, becomes the whole history!



journey's end. There was yet more water to be crossed. He had now to go in a steam vessel.\* His daughters must accompany him. "Remember," said he to them, "you must have your passage-money ready—have it paid, and be quite prepared for the journey." This he seemed anxious about. Again he fell into a dose. Waking up, he continued the account of his voyage.

He had now started upon the sea. He appeared quite delighted. Evidently some one was conversing with him as he sailed along. He was seen to gently fold his hands and smile—even laugh outright. He declared that the journey was most delightful. Already he could see the coast of the beautiful country. The sun, he said, shone upon him, and made him so warm. (The "Sun of Righteousness.")

During the night he called to a daughter sitting by his bed to look at his hands. "Do look at my old hands, they are quite changed. It is the sun of the country," he continued, "that shines upon them, and makes them so warm and bright." "And," added his daughter, *"his hands and his face, to my great astonishment, glittered and shone as if with sunshine. There was no lamp near him to shine upon him."*†

"How long will it be before I reach land?" asked he of the same daughter, "I am so impatient to arrive! Your dear mother is there waiting for me, and the rest of the great company,

\* In "From Matter to Spirit," chapter xi.—"The House of the Spirit," in an account given of a passage to the next life by a spirit, in writing through a "medium's" hand, we read "that some people went by the ships, some by boats, and some walked or rode over the bridge." "Another medium, describing the entrance into the spirit-world, drew gates, railway trains, bath-chairs, and carriages, and wrote of these methods as suited to the different degrees of velocity with which spirits entered their new state." Mrs. De Morgan adds—"In narrating these statements I do not mean of course to imply that the descriptions are literally true." To this old Pilgrim all, however, appeared "literally true."

† A young woman, a maid-servant, who became a remarkable "medium," in the course of her development, which extended over a course of years, after a time of much spiritual "vastation," as Swedenborg would term it, said to the writer, "*Oh, ma'am, my hands are quite changed. They are no longer my hard hands, but beautiful hands, quite perfect, and have such lovely fingers, and they shine! I can no longer see the old coarse hands of my body!*" An aged relative of the writer, dying, drew the attention of his housekeeper, who was nursing him, to his hands, saying, "*See, H—, how my hands are changed, soon my whole body will be changed!*" The German mystic, John George Gichtel, relates in his autobiography that he remained blind three days from the brightness proceeding from his own interior spirit-body, one instant's manifestation of its radiance having been granted him. Numerous instances of the glory of spirit-bodies of the saints of the Catholic Church may be found in the great work of Görres devoted to Christian Mysticism.

and I must not keep them waiting. *When I arrive I shall be at home.*"

"*You will arrive there at 11 or 12 o'clock, father!*" the daughter returned. "*It was just as if someone had spoken these words through me to my father,*" she continued to me in explanation, "*and at 12 o'clock he did reach home, for at 12 o'clock he drew his last breath.*" One sister supported his head; to a sister standing on either side of him he stretched forth a hand; and so this good and faithful servant passed joyfully to his heavenly reward.

Throughout the night he had been heard uttering prayer and praise to God—praise to Him for His infinite goodness and mercy to him throughout his life. He had told his daughters that there was present a band of musicians\* playing the most delightful strains of music. They sang also with such a will, that he feared lest they should "crack their throats" with singing. This daughter, observed him beating time, as it were, on the curtain of his bed. "What are you doing with your hand, father?" she asked. "Beating time, dear, to the beautiful music," was his reply. In the early morning he was not only quite composed, but so happy in his mind that he declared that he was "happy as a king."

On a sunny morning in early June, the bell of the ancient abbey-church tolling through the balmy air, attended by the children and grand-children of his numerous family, who had come from far and near to the funeral of their beloved father, honoured by the presence of the heads of the noble house he had so faithfully served for fifty years, with his coffin heaped with wreaths of flowers, was the body of this trusty servant borne to the grave. His favourite flower through life had been the May—the month of May was just over, but the blossom of the hawthorn, the May, still lingered in the hedgerows, and his grave was strewn all over with its fragrant snowy bloom, by the hands of his grand-children. A sunshiny end to a sunny death-bed.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF THE MYSTIC DEATH IN AN AGED MUSICIAN.

*March 29th, 187—.* To-day Miss K. my dressmaker, tells me that the very old lady who occupies the principal rooms in the house where she resides, is supposed to be dying.

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\* In "From Matter to Spirit," the writer says, p. 187, "The accounts are very numerous of heavenly music being heard around the (death) beds of the young and pure, and if the sounds have not been audible to others, which is occasionally the case, the glow on the countenance of the listening traveller about to wend his way home, shows the delight inspired by the angels' welcome. The last moments of the little captive in the Temple, Louis XVII., as described by Beauchesne, are an instance of this."

This old lady in her youth was a celebrated performer on the harp. One day on my way to Miss K.'s room, passing the drawing-room door of the old lady, it stood half open, revealing a handsome harp which seemed to dominate, the not very large, but elegant room, filled with furniture of a spindle-legged and antique character, with old china, old miniatures, and many faded knick-nacks. An odour as of *pot pouri* floated around, and the room had a duskiness as if half in shadow from a drawn curtain. On another occasion, ascending the staircase, a feeble tinkle and vibration from the strings of the harp, had faintly reached my ear, like the echo of music out of a far-off past. Again, a third time, I had encountered the old musician herself. She rested upon one of the landing-places—seated, as if to recover her breath, lost in the exertion of descending to her sitting-room. She was a very fairy-like old lady; very small, with an old, almost child-like figure; with tiny hands, with the taper fingers of an *artiste*, and a plaintive, feeble, old-world air about her. Her old maid who had lived with her mistress thirty years—herself advanced in life—stood waiting beside her mistress. Such was the old musical lady and her *entourage*.

Miss K. says, it being observed by her maid that the old lady's mind *wandered*—as the phrase is; not an incorrect phrase either—her doctor was sent for. He gave orders that she should be kept in her bed. But this was not what she desired. Her idea was, that she must rise, dress, and go forth; she believed that she had been invited to dine at the house of some very dear friend. "Ask that gentleman," said she, referring to the doctor who was present, "to give me his arm, and help me across the street, so that I may get to my friend's!" "It rains, m'am," said her maid, "you cannot go out." "Yes, yes, I *must* go, they have invited me to dinner, and they are expecting me! Let me get up *at once*; and let me be very nicely dressed, *for I must go home*." "You are at home, m'am!" urged the old servant; don't you see that *this* is your home, and don't you recognise your old furniture, and *me*, the oldest bit of furniture here?—Where would you go to?" "I *am not* at home!"\* indignantly returned her mistress. "*It is to my own home that I have to go, and I must go. They are expecting me.*"

Throughout the previous night she had been heard in conversation with friends who had all passed away from earth.

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\* The idea of the "aged philosopher was that he was *in lodgings*; not in his own home. Surely our earthly body is but "the lodgings" of the spirit—not its home.

She then fell into a dose.

Upon waking, her eyes were fixed with pleasure upon something which she evidently beheld opposite to her. "Oh, what exquisite lace!" she exclaimed, "what exquisite lace!" Then turning her eyes to another part of the room, she again fixed them as if upon some object visible alone to herself, and cried out in admiration and surprise—"What very beautiful sculpture! What can be its subject?" Turning towards Miss K. who was present, she asked her whether she could tell her what was the subject of the piece of sculpture. "Perhaps, Madam," said Miss K., "you could tell me, for I should like much to know." "Well, it seems to me," said the old lady, "that it must represent the Fidelity of the Dog."\*

Miss K. wisely suggested to the old servant to humour her mistress in her fancies.

The old lady continued much in this state for two years or even more. Then she softly passed over to the other side of the river. There was no hurry for *her*; was she not gently passing out of the haste and confusion of Time, into the calm expanses of Eternity? Her condition was termed, and not inappropriately either, perhaps, a state of "second childhood," seeing that possibly it might be in fact as the infancy of the new life of the spirit,—she simply an infant still in swaddling bands. Thus she lived on, her feet set upon the threshold of the next stage of being, much as "The Grandmother" in Tennyson's beautiful poem of that name, describes her condition—

" . . . Age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again,  
I seem to be tired a little—that's all—and long for rest."

Like her also receiving ever and anon visitors from "the other side." It was so easy for them to come to her sitting by the threshold—friends all of them from her days of youth.

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\* Symbolic, perhaps, of something in her own past life. *Vide* the pictures seen by Dr. Doddridge in his dream preserved by Rev. Samuel Clarke. Dr. Doddridge believed he had left his earthly body after death, and entered "a spacious building which had the air of a palace." Here after waiting a little while "in an inner parlour," he is received by the Lord Christ, who graciously offers him to drink with Him the Cup of Life.

"As soon as his Lord had retired, and his mind was a little composed, he observed that the room was hung round with pictures, and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life; the most remarkable scenes he had passed through being there represented in a most lively manner. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and the signal instances of the divine goodness toward him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were at once presented to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude."

- “Often they come to the door, in a pleasant kind of dream,  
 • They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
 I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.”

ANOTHER “CHRISTIAN ON HIS PILGRIMAGE.”

November 6th, 1881. “My dear Mrs. Watts,” writes a friend, “I last Sunday read your article on the ‘Mystical Death,’ and ever since have wished to write to you regarding an experience which came under my own observation. A dear relative died rather more than two years ago. He suffered from a tumour on the brain, and the mental powers weakened very gradually. During two years and a half, he was confined to bed. Much of that period of his illness was recalled to me by reading your account of the ‘death of the aged philosopher.’ My belief in the phenomena of Spiritualism caused me to regard the sayings and doings of my suffering relative from a quite different point of view from that from which I otherwise must have regarded them. I always considered his state, whilst thus affected, as one of purification and preparation for *the other side*. Had he passed from the body at the time when he first took to his bed, I believe that he must have entered upon a very different spirit-state to that which he would enter upon when the end really came.

“He was always, when suffering from his fits of restlessness, *going somewhere*, and would endeavour to dress himself in the bed-cover. *There was always a wall he could not get over, or a gate he could not open.* His expressions regarding *water* were almost the same as those used by ‘the aged philosopher.’ (My friend might have added, and similar to those used by the Lutheran Clergyman referred to in the first article). He also suffered at one time in his illness great (imaginary) troubles about *money*. I have also seen him place things (which he appeared to see) in the hand of his wife, precisely as you have described. He would tell us about people who came and took him journeys whilst he was asleep,—and he constantly was heard to carry on conversations with his dead friends.”

An old servant who had lived sometime in the family, told the writer of the letter, that one night whilst sitting up with her invalid master, she perceived a lady enter the room, walk up to his bed, and contemplate him. From her description this “lady” was recognised to be the first wife of the invalid. This lady had died some years previously to this servant’s entrance into the family, and she had never seen her,—neither did any portrait of this lady whatsoever exist.

No doubt part of what we heard was due to his disordered mental state; nevertheless, I feel sure that much was the

effect of his spiritual life which became more real to his perception than the material life. There are many minor details difficult to describe in a letter, *all of which, however, bore out the idea that the life beyond begins before this ceases, or rather that the two lives go on side by side, only our material senses cannot always comprehend the spiritual life and existence.* May it not be that as disease weakens the physical covering—the inner “spirit-body” as Swedenborg terms it—the “real man within, becomes revealed to our perceptions fitfully, and we have listened to him already conversing with his fellows, and through his words uttered—it may be—in a broken speech have caught fragments of description of the scenery of his new surroundings.”

Surely this portion of the “Mystic Death” process is a gradual unveiling of the “Veiled Isis,” or Spirit of Life, within the Temple of the Flesh, that Temple of the old Jerusalem which must be overthrown utterly, before the new Temple of the *new* Jerusalem can be raised up—as was the promise of the Lord of the Temple—within “the three days” of mystery.

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AYLWARD, in his book, “The Transvaal of To-day,” relates a South African “ghost story” as follows:—“A gentleman, who is most intimate with me, was riding one day on a road skirted on the left by high embankments, while the right sloped away into grassy meadows, when a thunderstorm coming up from behind caused him to look back, that he might calculate whether he could reach the town, two miles in front of him, without being caught in the rain. The horse, as horses will, looked around and backward at the same time. In a moment the brute was madly plunging, striving to bolt up the high bank, and endeavouring, with evident terror, to get away from some fearful thing. . . . It was 4 p.m. on an ordinary summer afternoon. . . . Strongly interested by the fear so palpably exhibited by his horse, . . . the rider again turned his eyes towards the rapidly approaching storm. . . . He was not a superstitious man, he was not drunk, or suffering from low spirits, or ‘want of spirits,’ and yet he saw in the broad daylight, coming floating towards him, with outstretched arms in front of the moving mass of rain, but several feet raised from the earth, a young, fair, ethereal, golden-haired female, whose robes of glittering white trailed just over the highest points of the grass. She spoke not, but came steadily down upon him in advance of the storm. His horse now kicked and plunged more madly than ever, and at length, wild with terror, snapped the strong bridle reins into pieces, and tore away in headlong flight straight down the roadway to the distant village. . . . Twice during the headlong gallop, the rider turned his head to watch the swiftly following rain, which was still preceded by the fair girl and her outstretched arms.”



## THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

## CHAPTER I.

The great Kingsbury Puzzle first dawns upon the world.

ON the 26th December, 187—, Sir Rupert Kingsbury, a baronet well known in the County of Cropshire, was found murdered at his country residence, The High Elms, under very mysterious circumstances. Reuben Hicks, an old servant, was the first to discover that something had gone wrong. He had been accustomed to valet Sir Rupert, as he called it, and had been in the family for fifty years. At a quarter-past eight o'clock he knocked at the door of his master, to bring him his clothes and hot water. There was no reply. He knocked again—still without result. To his astonishment he found that the door was locked.

It being Christmas time, there were many guests in the house, and on their account Sir Rupert had given strict orders that he should always be called in plenty of time. What was to be done? "Captain Frank," the brother of Sir Rupert, happened to be sleeping next door to the bed-room of the baronet. The old man determined at once to call him up—a suspicion had come across the old man's mind that something was wrong.

"Mr. Frank—I mean Captain," said the old man, entering a little excitedly.

"What is it, Hicks?" said Captain Frank, sleepily, from under the bed-clothes.

"Your brother, sir; I can't make him hear!"

"Not make him hear!"

"No; he wanted to be called early on account of the company."

"Knock louder. Mince pies—nightmare—I've had it myself—confoundedly."

"His door is locked inside. I think something's wrong."

In a few seconds Captain Frank had put on his dressing gown and was out in the passage.

"Rupert!" he said, through the key-hole of his brother's door.

"Rupert!" This last very loudly, but still no answer came from the baronet's bed-room.

"Shall I get something to break open the door with?" said the servant, after a pause.

"Yes, but do everything quietly. Meanwhile, I'll knock up Squire Bescott."

When Squire Bescott, and Captain Kingsbury, and Hicks, the butler, succeeded in forcing open the door of the baronet's bed-room, the scene within arrested them at the doorway, and they remained for some seconds spellbound, with a huge and palpable terror. Inside the room everything was in confusion, and the horror of the scene was rendered more intense by the fact that the various evidences

that some unusual event had occurred was made patent by one of the windows being wide open. This was a pair of glass doors that opened on to the balcony outside, in the French manner, and the doors had evidently been forced. A pane of glass had been skilfully removed by the aid of a glazier's diamond. A round hole in the shutters had been made, close to the point where an iron bar closed the shutter with a spring. By the aid of this hole the iron bar had been raised, and the shutters opened. It had then been found possible to turn the handle of the folding doors.

Inside the room clothes, shirts, portions of uniform (for Sir Rupert was Deputy-Lieutenant of the County), were tossed about in great confusion, and it was evident that wardrobes, chests of drawers, the baronet's dressing case, had been ransacked, and also that a tin despatch box left on the toilet table had been broken open. Outside on the verandah were footprints in the snow, for a snow-storm had occurred in the night. On the verandah, also, was a glazier's diamond, together with a "cutter," a crowbar, and other well-known implements of the burglar.

In the middle of the room was the bed, a large four-post bedstead, with the heavy stiff curtains drawn closely all round. It looked silent, imposing, awful—the scared spectators seemed quite afraid to approach it.

At length Captain Kingsbury marched resolutely forward, and drew open the curtains. His brother was lying there! calm, but stone dead. The Captain staggered back, and fell into a chair.

On the top of the white bed-clothes was a crimson stain about the size of a breakfast-saucer. It told its weird story—the bed-clothes below must be soaking in blood.

The butler and the Squire remained motionless for some seconds, glued to the carpet by indescribable agitation.

"Leave everything exactly as it is," said the Captain, after this long pause. "The medical officers must see the body exactly as it is; everything often depends on that. Send Dawkins off in the dog-cart with *Daisy* to Thorpe Magna. Let him bring out at once Inspector Wiggin and two constables. Let him beg Dr. Wedderburn to come also. Tell him not to gossip. Put Richard on guard over the bed-room here, and let the gardener and his two men take care that nobody disturbs these foot traces in the snow. They must be modelled in plaster and photographed. They are of the utmost importance."

Captain Kingsbury had been in the Hussars, and was now Chief-Constable of the County. He was considered at Scotland Yard to be the smartest Chief-Constable in the United Kingdom—energetic, courageous, acute. When the bold poacher Dunkly killed two game-keepers, and when brought to bay in his cottage, threatened to shoot down the constables that were pressing forward to arrest him, Captain Kingsbury boldly rushed in and, receiving his fire in his left whisker, seized the poacher and twisted the gun out of his hand. The Captain was tall, wiry, muscular, good looking, a good shot, a fine

boxer, and the boldest rider in the Duke's hunt. He had left the army on account of money difficulties at play, some said; but since he had been elected chief-constable by his brother's influence and the votes of the county magistrates, he had lived a steady life; and had become singularly interested in the duties of his new office. Also, he seemed always to have plenty of money, and had the reputation of having dabbled very successfully in stocks and shares.

"Holloa! what's that?" said the Captain, suddenly, just as they were leaving the room.

"Where?" said the Squire, turning back.

"A pocket handkerchief and a small bottle," and the Captain stooped down and examined them carefully. The Squire came near him and stooped down likewise. "Do you smell anything?"

"Rather like chloroform," said Squire Bescott.

"I don't like to disturb anything until the officers come, but it might prove very important to verify the fact that it is chloroform before the traces of it evaporate. I think it is chloroform."

"I am not quite up in these matters. I mean I am not completely conversant with these fields of inquiry." It was the habit of Squire Bescott, a Justice of the Peace, to begin his phrases sometimes in fair idiomatic English, and finish them in what may be called magisterial English.

"Could Jeudwine help us, I wonder? He is scientific and clever. There must be some method of verifying such a fact."

"A good idea," said the Squire, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if he could. Fetch the Professor."

"I'll go and call him down if you stay here and keep people out."

Professor Jeudwine was a rickety old gentleman of sixty, with a pasty face, black trousers, and very straggling hair and limbs. He was immensely scientific, and knew everything on all subjects, *non-scientific* as well as scientific; but his knowledge, like that of Touchstone, was sometimes a little misapplied. His pet theory was the atomic one, and he and the Squire had many subjects of difference and debate—logical, geological, theological; but their principles were not so different as both supposed. The Professor had *no* articles of religion because the men of his set had no articles of religion; and the Squire had thirty-nine articles of religion because the men of his club had thirty-nine articles of religion; the principle of each being the principle of gregariousness. The Professor was already in a state of spick and span preparation when the Chief-Constable reached his bed-room. He promptly obeyed the summons, but with a very scared look.

"Is there any mode of verifying the fact that that bottle contained chloroform?" said the Squire.

"Dear me! dear me! that bottle. Yes, and that pocket-handkerchief. It is very possible now that the chloroform was poured from the one on to the other."

"Quite a certainty, Professor, if we can be certain that the smell proceeds from chloroform," said the Squire.

"Dear me! dear me! the smell. Well, it seems like chloroform," said the Professor, applying his nose.

"Can you prove it to be chloroform or not, at once?"

"Chloroform, dear me! chloroform! It is distilled, I think, from a mixture of alcohol and the solution of chloride of lime. Certain other processes are gone through, chiefly, I think, with the agency of sulphuric acid. Now what test can we apply to detect its presence? One of its properties is that a few drops falling into water become milky. We might dip the corner of that handkerchief in water and try."

"Just so, a bright idea," said the Chief-Constable, who fetched a bottle and glass from an adjoining room, and filled the tumbler with water.

A portion of the handkerchief was dipped in, and made a white appearance in the water.

"You scientific folk are wonderful," said the Squire in real amazement.

"Ah! but I must tell you," said the Professor, "that that test is not conclusive. We have discovered that the liquid into which this handkerchief has been dipped has one of the properties of chloroform. But this is not an exclusive property, it belongs to other liquids. My advice is that you cover over the glass and handkerchief until the medical men arrive. The glass cover of one of those Indian ornaments in the drawing-room would do for the purpose. Chloroform evaporates quickly when exposed to the air. Let two or three reliable witnesses test it at once by smell, and when real chloroform is produced they will be able to recognise it."

Meanwhile Dawkins, the groom, in his trim greatcoat and shining top-boots, is urging the swift mare *Daisy* along the road to Thorpe Magna, the nearest village. In the garden as he drove past it, the winter trees, the hollies, magnolias, and the Portugal cistus were struggling with huge armfuls of snow, and the skeletons of the other trees were burdensomely snowy. But in the parterres the calceolarias, verbenas, etc., were hybernating comfortably under ashes, sand, and litter, or in great coats of hoops and matting. In the woods, a tree felled by the late baronet's own hand was lying partly across the road. On passing through the lodge gate the flat country around and the tops of the slopes were seen in a twelfth cake state, so heavy had been the fall of snow; but the furrows of the fields along the slopes themselves still stood out dark and distinct. Some quaint old labourers' cottages, with sloping roofs, and with tiny window-panes, each about four inches square, showed that the dog-cart was reaching the outskirts of the village. Thorpe Magna at this particular moment gave evidence that it was abandoning itself to the saturnalia of Boxing-Day. Mr. Fear, the grocer, displayed a window full of currants, another window full of raisins, a third window full of oranges, the whole set off with holly, with crackers, and with the green bay tree which is like the flourish of the wicked man. Mr. Groves, the butcher, had little sprigs of holly on his very fat Christmas beef.

Even Mr. Crunden, the saddler, had the words "Xmas Cards" pasted in large letters of whitey-brown paper on his window. The school children were rehearsing a hymn as the dog-cart from the High Elms rattled swiftly by. There was to be a Christmas-tree with presents and oranges provided for them by Sir Rupert, and the hymn was in his honour.

"Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest."

Thus rang out the voices of the little folks. They did not know what strange fortunes the "silent watches" had brought to their kind benefactor.

And now the dog-cart and the somewhat skittish mare *Daisy* are at the police station, and two policemen in uniform, Constables Enoch and Small, are standing outside ready to mount as soon as Inspector Wiggin, who is filling in telegrams, is ready.

"How far can the foot-prints be traced in the snow, pal?" says Constable Enoch.

"Don't know," replies the groom, perhaps not liking to be called "pal."

"The road to this 'ere place is on the same side of the house as the Barnet's bedroom, aint it?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw the foot-traces as you drove here, mate?"

"I did."

"Where did they seem to go to? This 'ere is a case of circumstantial evidence."

"The canals!"

"What canals?"

"We call certain ponds constructed for duck-shooting by old Sir Hugh, one hundred years ago, the canals."

"He must be an outsider and not an inmate of the house." There is but one "he" in Cropshire this morning, and so the vague pronoun of Constable Enoch is excusable.

"Don't know."

"But there is every evidence of its being a cracksman?"

"Mr. Hicks thought so."

"At any rate the Inspector is on the nose—be sure of that."

And now the Inspector is ready. He is large, important, broad shouldered, and full—I had almost said *fat*—of figure. He has a great reputation for sagacity and ability in the county, and there can be no doubt that a long experience has taught him all the secret springs and artifices of his profession. But he has long felt that a post in the mere provincial constabulary offers very little scope for unusual talent. Perhaps now he has found a case which will not prove quite as bungling and as easy of discovery as most crimes, out of novels, usually are. Inspector Wiggin has long known with how little wisdom this world is governed. This sad truth forces itself on all shrewd people who see a little behind the scenes. And Inspector

Wiggin is especially irritable at the reputation enjoyed by some of the detectives at Scotland Yard, notably that of the famous detective Superintendent Chivery. Did he not make a fearful bungle of the case of poor Moll Flanders found slaughtered in her apartments? "Had I been there!" thought the Inspector; but the dog-cart here stopped at the house of Mr. Wilshaw, the Coroner, and the Inspector had to alight. He looked so tremendously imposing at this moment of time that a small doubt forced itself on the observer. "It is impossible," said Pitt, "that anybody could be so wise as Thurlow looks."

Mr. Wilshaw, the Coroner, was a thriving auctioneer, living in a much more trim and elegant abode than the old houses around him. He had a trim little conservatory on one side of the house, and a trim little lawn with three little flower-beds raised above the grass, and looking like French tartlets with their round surfaces of pure snow-sugar. At each side of the lawn was a trim statue in clean spick and span plaster of Paris, Minerva with a pile of snow for a head dress (supplementary), and Daphne with a raised arm snowy but enlarged. Mr. Wilshaw fixed that the inquest should take place at the "Pelican" Inn on the following morning.

The High Elms was in the wildest excitement, and, indeed, consternation when the dog-cart returned. The news of the terrible deed had spread like wild-fire, and the servants were huddled together in excited groups, under the holly decoration of the servants' hall, whilst ever and anon one of them would make some excuse to come near the fatal bed-chamber.

The guests of the house also knew all about it, and Captain Cordingley was whispering with the two Miss Bescotts, whilst Mrs. Bescott was shouting out the details in the bed-room of deaf old Lady Dubnock. By and by the breakfast bell sounded, and the scared guests assembled to a very melancholy feast.

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## CHAPTER II.

Inspector Wiggin "on the Nose."

AND now Inspector Wiggin is introduced to the scene of the crime, and he makes a thorough investigation of the chamber and its surroundings.

"A put up job!" This is his first remark directly he is ushered into the room by his superior officer.

"You must take a plaster cast of the snow prints at once."

"Yes, Sir Frank." In the excitement and confusion at the High Elms, caused by the discovery of the great crime, it seems to have been forgotten that this change in rank is one of its immediate results.

"Here is a list of bank-notes and their numbers that I have obtained from Thrupp, the farm bailiff,—they were handed over to Sir Rupert three days ago. Here is a list of the jewelry that should be in the jewel-box as far as Hicks can make out such a list from



memory. I have telegraphed to the London and Westminster Bank in London to stop the circulation of the notes, and give us at once a statement of my poor brother's accounts."

"Yes, Sir Frank, there's no time to be lost here, and I have telegraphed to Scotland Yard to keep a look out in the billy fencers and dolly shops."

"I have made them leave everything exactly as we found it. In cases of this sort detection often comes first from some very slight hint or indication. I thought it best that your eyes, and those of the other officers, should be on everything before it is moved."

The process of taking a plaster cast from the snow prints was now gone through with great care. A very distinct impression of the guilty man's foot was first of all selected, and then some plaster of Paris finely powdered, was sprinkled over the cavity. Moisture was communicated to this by the snow itself, and drops of water were slowly and carefully added to harden the plaster cast. There were two sets of foot-prints. First a line approaching the house. These were much fainter than the second line,—the line of the receding foot-steps,—much snow having evidently fallen in the space of time between the unknown visitant's arrival and departure. The impression was that of a boot, neat, and for a gentleman decidedly small.

I have said that outside the bed-room of the deceased baronet was a verandah. This was of considerable breadth, and stretched all along the front of the house. It was out of keeping with the rest of the house, and constructed for a former baronet, an invalid. Over a portion of this the snow had drifted, and here the foot-prints commenced, and they passed a flower garden, and through a little gate, into the grass of the park, and up to a stile; and on the other side they continued until they reached some brushwood in the vicinity of the ponds called the "canals." When they reached the brushwood it was impossible to follow them any further.

Meanwhile, Inspector Wiggin is "on the nose."

Pen in hand, he is making a very minute inspection, and drawing up a very minute account of the room as it appeared when the crime was discovered. Assisted by Hicks he has counted all the clothes and property in the wardrobe and drawers to see if anything is missing. The same exhaustive process is gone through with the money and jewellery. Dr. Wedderburn comes with a Dr. Blunt, and examines the body, and they pronounced that death must have been instantaneous, as the stab penetrated the breast.

A notable discovery was made during this examination by Inspector Wiggin, and that was, that all the bed-clothes between the outside counterpane, and the inside sheet which was in immediate contact with the wound, were perforated by some sharp instrument.

At about twelve o'clock the Inspector came out of the bed-room where he had been left very much to himself and his assistants. The men made a report to Sir Frank who was with Squire Bescott at the time in that gentleman's bed-room. Professor Jeudwine who was also a county magistrate, was one of the audience.

"The murder was committed between the hours of half-past-two and half-past-four," began the constable. "I get at this important fact in this way :—The snow last night began to fall at half-past-one, your worships. Constable Enoch was out when it began; Looking carefully at the foot-prints, I came to the conclusion that those which are formed by the feet of someone going towards the house, must have been marked out when the snow had been falling at least an hour. I have taken an impression of one of 'em. About two hours must have occurred after this before the snow was again disturbed by the foot-prints which recede from the house. I have taken an impression of some of these also. The murderer opened the folding doors which communicate with the verandah by means of a 'cutter,' and other known instruments of the burglar which he has left behind him. This part of the job was very skilfully done, and, as I think, by a professional hand. There are missing five bank notes, making up £225, and sixty pounds in gold; also, three valuable rings belonging to the late Sir Rupert, and a set of diamonds, earrings, necklace, brooch, etc., which he was about to present to his intended, Miss Henriette Artus. Here is the receipted bill for these from Messrs. Golconda Brothers. They are valued at £7500. A casket containing several valuable coins is also missing. The reason why the clothes have been thrown about the room is not obvious. Perhaps the assassin was searching for something else besides this valuable 'swag' as they call it. I have ordered a model of the room to be prepared, and have left everything in its place to be inspected by the Coroner's jury."

"Have you formed any theory in your mind as to the motive of the crime, and the sort of man that could have committed it?" said Squire Bescott.

"Yes, Squire, I have," said the Inspector, "the job was done by a professional cracksman from the outside, but he must have had a pal inside the house—perhaps one of the servants."

"A pal?" said the Squire.

"Yes, *pal* from *paladius* perhaps, military companions like Arthur's Knights—it is a thieves' term," explained the Professor, one of whose many strong points was etymology.

"Oh, I understand, you mean the accomplice of the alleged criminal," broke in the Squire in his sonorous magisterial English.

"In these cases, gentlemen, as you are aware, the first question is that of motive. What was the main motive here? Obviously the robbery of the diamonds of Miss Henriette Artus. They are very valuable collectively, but small and portable and easily disposed of when wrenched from their settings with a pair of pliers, which would, of course, be done a few hours after the perpetration of the robbery. Big diamonds are valueless to a thief, the same may be said of bank-notes. Why he took so many bank-notes is not so obvious.

"Well, gentlemen," pursued the Inspector, "we proceed from this point of departure that the robbery of the diamonds and the valuable antiquated coins *was* the motive of the crime. And one fact at once

stares us in the face, and that is, that the criminal knew that the late Sir Rupert had the diamonds with him in his sleeping apartment. He knew also that the coins were usually kept there, no doubt, but I stick at present to the diamonds. This fact quite proves the complicity of some one within the house, for such accurate knowledge could not have been obtained otherwise. It was the intention of the late Sir Rupert to offer this present to his intended lady on the following morning, boxing day, so you will admit that the time was well chosen. Well, our robber has to settle in his mind how he is to carry out his proposed plan. Accurately informed about the diamonds he will naturally be as accurately informed as to the state of the fastenings and securities of the baronet's windows, and that brings us to the important point of how the entry was effected. Now, in this I recognise, I admit, at once the work of a clever professional. The hole bored in the shutter seems to me the work of a very expert thief. But consider then how risky it would have appeared beforehand to such a one to go on making the noise of boring and boring, perhaps for half an hour, with a light sleeper within a few yards of him, and with the chief-constable of the county within earshot. I therefore conclude that the criminal had a pal."

"My impression is that the baronet was in the first instance put to sleep by the accomplice by the aid of the chloroform. That accomplice then opened the window noiselessly, and let in the other criminal. They then ransacked the various depositories of the room in search of the diamonds. I learn from the lady's maid of Lady Dubnock that Sir Rupert put the box containing the jewels in his pocket last night to show them secretly to her mistress. This would account for the fact that a prolonged search was necessary, because the accomplice would be thrown out by this unexpected occurrence. My impression also is that in all probability one thief ransacked the apartment whilst the other bored a hole in the shutter—that was all *kid*."

"Do you mean simulated appearance?" said the Squire.

"A fish-trap is a *kiddle* in some countries," said the Professor, "Kiddle! kid! kid! kiddle!"

"That job must have taken an hour, and we can quite prove that the outside criminal can only have been an hour and a half in the house altogether," said the Inspector?

"Clarges in the 'Fulton Kings' case," broke in Sir Frank, "confessed afterwards that he had broken into the house and finished the whole job, that is the breaking in part of it, in twenty minutes. There was a bell in the shutter there too, if I recollect right."

"There was, Sir Frank, there was—but allow me to remark that these sort of characters are a little given to brag. I now come to the most important feature of all, the murder. The chloroform was found *spilt*, if you observe."

"Spilt, yes," said the Squire, immensely excited. Both he and the Professor were now listening with breathless interest.

"This was an accident, and this accident deranged their plans.

There was no more chloroform to keep the baronet asleep. He must have woke up and recognised one of them ; hence the assassination."

"Dear me, dear me!" said the Professor; "that proves to me what I have often fancied, that a murder is often mere chance work, an accident to the assassin as well as to his victim."

"I hope they'll be wide awake at the fences," said the Squire; "I mean, I trust, Inspector, that great vigilance will be exercised at the establishments of the receivers of stolen property."

"Oh, he'll not *brace up*, your worship!"

"Brace up, dear me, brace up," said the Squire.

"That's what we say in the profession when thieves try to sell their goods at the fences."

"Brace—brace!" said the Professor, puzzled; "perhaps it is derived from *brass*, the homely word for money. Brace up! *Brass* up! That's probably it!"

"Hulloa, there's somebody on the lawn. I gave strict orders that nobody was to be allowed to go there. The *other end* of the foot tracks is what is really of importance. How is it, Inspector, that any one is allowed to disturb them!" These words were spoken suddenly by Sir Frank. He had listened with apparent interest to the Inspector's report, and had then gone to the window and gazed listlessly at the snowy landscape outside.

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir Frank. I gave strict orders ——"

"See who it is, and bring him in!"

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### CHAPTER III.

#### The Intruder.

SQUIRE BESCOTT and Sir Frank were standing at the hall door when the intruding stranger was brought up there.

The individual was rather a singular looking man. His face appeared dirty and unshaven. His hair was light yellowish brown, long, and apparently much in want of a hair-brush. His moustache, for he only wore a moustache, was of the same colour as his hair, full and drooping, but very unsentimental-looking and very bristly. He wore a long *Ulster* coat of some value lined with fur, but the band that should have controlled it round the waist was jauntily fastened by its button and button-hole behind his back. Under the great coat was a short coat and waistcoat of brown velvet, much worn and decidedly shabby. His tie was scarlet and black, shabbier still, and in it was stuck a cameo pin, which might have been worth either ninepence or twenty-five pounds. A steel chain in the buttonhole of his waistcoat held his watch. His *nether*-man was adorned by a pair of corduroy shooting-leggings, new and fashionable, and a pair of wash leather gaiters, also very new and yellow. His eyes were protected from the glaze of the snow by spectacles of neutral tint. His face had a worn look, and was sprinkled here and there with faint dabs of yellowish, reddish stubble that ought to have been re-

moved with a razor at least four days ago. He was puffing the fag end of a cigarette as he reached the house, and he looked vulgar, intelligent, and singularly self-possessed.

"Who are you, sir?" said the Squire, sharply.

"The prisoner answered that his name was Orlando J. Cleeve," said the stranger, comically, but a little rudely; and he produced a cigar case and lit another cigarette with skilful promptitude.

"No nonsense here, please. I am a Justice of the Peace, and this is not a time for fooling. My name is Bescott."

"What part of my speech do you consider fooling, Mr. Bescott?" said the stranger in a matter-of-fact way. "I suppose a man led about against his inclination through snow and slush by another man wearing a helmet and a blue coat, with 'C. 27' on the collar of it, is entitled to call himself a 'prisoner' without passing the bounds which separate the matter of fact from the preposterous and jocose."

"Are you aware that you're trespassing?"

"Trespass—entering a man's land in the daytime in the pursuit of game or quails, woodcocks, landrails, or coneys. Penalty—to be required to quit the land forthwith, and to tell his name and abode—but not imprisonment I think, Squire."

"A crime, a murder has been committed, and the magistrates have a perfect right to detain any suspicious characters. What are you?" this very sharply.

"Plotinus," said the stranger, "maintained that the higher celestial regions are for lovers, poets, artists, and philosophers. This view, no doubt, has not been very strongly insisted on by the more modern church pundits. I, sir, am an artist!"

"Of what sort?"

"One who trusts to the sun's pencil of light for accurate drawing."

"Do you mean a photographer?" said Sir Frank, suddenly coming forward.

"This is Sir Frank Kingsbury," said the Squire, "he has just sustained a severe loss, so please drop your buffoonery."

"I am a photographer, Sir Frank," said the artist at once removing his cigarette.

"Have you your apparatus here?"

"Yes, Sir Frank, and I shall be happy to be of use if required."

"Where is it?"

"In a travelling photographic trap on the high road there, just beyond that hedge, the white snow on yonder hillock prevents you from seeing its white roof."

"Could you take a photograph of a room and all that is in it, exactly as it stands?"

"I can take anything by the instantaneous or any other process. I can represent the most minute objects, enlarging them, if necessary, one hundred fold."

"He might be of use!" said the baronet to Squire Bescott. Constable, help Mr.—Cleeve, I think you said your name was—to bring up his vehicle and take a photograph of the scene of the murder."

"Come along, C. 27!" said the artist to the constable.

"I don't like his manner—I would not be too hasty in employing one so off-hand, I may say insolent."

"Oh these sort of people have manners of their own now-a-days. We must have a photographer from some place or another, and he looks clever."

In a minute or two the "photographic trap," a small white cart with a round covered roof drew up at the door of the High Elms, and Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve having selected certain chemicals, and his apparatus, repaired with Constable Enoch to the late Baronet's bedroom.

"This 'ere's the Baronet's sleeping chamber, and there's the *corpus delicti*!" said the policeman as they entered together.

"Dear me, how interesting, C. 27. Do you know the *Daily Banner* would give twenty-five pounds for a minute account of this," and Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve having hastily put down his photographic apparatus, moved nimbly about the room with his everlasting cigarette in his mouth. His survey was rapid but careful.

"You was brought, I think, to take a picter, mister," said the constable at length.

"Just so, a picture of everything in the room! But to make a picter of everything in a room, it strikes me you must first see everything in that room. I think this would be a good point of view for a picter, eh, C. 27."

"Perhaps it would, but I don't think you can smoke here."

"Then I can't compose a picture. This is to me as essentially a photographic chemical as that collodion. Just try one, constable, and see how much more completely you can take in the scene. There's a light."

"Well, I'll smoke mine outside, please, by and by," said the constable, accepting the present.

"By and by is easily said," said the stranger, imitating a popular Hamlet.

"I didn't say it wasn't. What rum things you say."

"It strikes me that this is a better point of view. There is an artistic light on the chest of drawers and the shaving miscellanies of the toilet-table."

"Well, I don't know," answered the constable.

"And so Inspector Wiggin believes that the assassin—I mean the alleged assassin—was an outsider and not an inmate of the house."

"Inspector Wiggin! Who told you so?"

"Well, if there's any secret about it, C. 27, I'm sorry I spoke."

"I don't know what you mean by secret."

"Inspector Wiggin is a singularly able and intelligent officer."

"He is that."

"And he naturally came to the conclusion on examining those snow prints that there was evidence of some one having visited the house by the route of those ponds. I think, after all, this is the best point of view." This in another voice.



"Any fool can tell that those foot-prints must have been made by some one."

"And so did poor Robinson Crusoe," said this strange photographic artist rather comically.

"You is up to rum games," said Constable Enoch.

"What a wonderful business the business of you detectives. Civilisation educates its most courageous and acute sons; and trains them to battle with the armies of crime. The detective has at command the most secret annals of peasant and peer. He has the lightning to arrest the fugitive and the sun to scatter the impression of his features at once all over the face of the habitable globe. This business is a trade, a science, a fine art. In the presence of a man like Inspector Wiggin I am lost in wonder. He has already a metropolitan reputation."

"Inspector Wiggin is fly, that's certain."

"It seems to me that the word 'fly' is scarcely an adequate word. I look at this room with my uneducated eye, and I see many things horrific, absorbing; but, I daresay, with reference to the murder, comparatively unimportant. The educated eye of Sergeant Wiggin fastens upon it, and a number of little clues at once suggest themselves unobserved by me."

"Sergeant Wiggin don't let much escape him, let me tell you that."

"Nothing, I should say—dear me, what's that sparkle in that far corner," said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve suddenly, making a dart towards a distant part of the room.

"Hulloa! hulloa!"

"An antique gem! Now that is very, very singular, to think of my uneducated eye discovering that, after civilisation's courageous and acute sons had passed it over."

"Well it is rather rum that none of us have seen that."

"A very handsome gnostic ring of sardonix," said the photographic artist, carefully examining the bauble on the door step near the verandah.

"Yes, yes; but I say, mister, you must give it up to me."

"Just so, take the greatest care of it. I read in a French novel some time ago of a horrible crime being discovered simply by the agency of an opal ring. Fancy if the detection of our friend, the 'alleged assassin,' should hang on this very jewel. I should be a proud man for life."

"Oh, we know our business as far as that goes."

"I'm quite sure of it, C. 27. Make a note of the exact spot where it was found though, because the position seems to me very remarkable. X (unknown quantity) comes in by that door from the verandah and murders A (known quantity) lying in that bed. He then ransacks these drawers, jewel cases, etc., and departs, and a valuable ring is found five, six, seven," pursued Mr. Orlando Cleeve, pacing the distance, "yards out of his beat. Is the ring A's or X's? and did it get under that arm-chair accidentally, or was it put there on purpose, and, if either, why and how? There are many questions

opened up that perplex me; but you, no doubt, have already your theory about it, being far more experienced than me."

"Well, we do not like to talk much about these things."

"Official secresy, just so! Does it strike you that there is a sort of indentation or sinking just there in the snow on the verandah?"

"Yes, almost a hole!"

"Almost a hole!—the same idea has also struck me. Now on the surface of the verandah of a gentleman in the possession of ten or twelve thousand a-year, it is not probable that there would be almost a hole."

"No!"

"It therefore follows that something must have alighted after a portion of that snow had fallen, and that it has been covered up by the remainder."

"Gad, that's cute of you! I'll have a look!"

"Stop!"

"Why?"

"That something might be solid, but it might also be liquid. If it were liquid we run a risk of its traces being lost if we proceed too hastily. Here, fortunately, is a small bowl of glass that I have brought with me for my chemicals. There—a pink deposit—blood!" And Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve, having carefully scooped into the snow at the supposed cavity, held it up to the light, a little to the astonishment of Constable Enoch.

"Well, these is rum games I must confess."

"How did *that* get there? If X had blood to get rid of why should he throw it there? Get some mould and put it into the hole; that will serve to mark the exact spot when the snow melts. There, with the silver spoon, I have detached the discoloured snow, and I put it in this little bottle. I think it ought to be sent up at once to Dr. Amesbury of the London Hospital, or some other eminent analyst." All this time Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve was very minutely, but silently, inspecting the objects on Sir Rupert's wash-hand stand.

"Yes, we'll send it up when I have shown it to the Inspector."

"Ah, that invaluable officer. The mystery, great to my uneducated mind, is certain not to puzzle him; and now for my photograph of the room." Here Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve adjusted the apparatus, and the last sentence came in rather muffled tones from the folds of a large shawl that he had thrown over his head.

"You do not get the bed that way, mister!"

"No, we must take two views. Just put this shawl over you, and see what you think of this picture."

"All right," and Constable Enoch was carefully smothered up in the large shawl.

"We here get entrance to the apartment with the wash-stand exactly as it was found, and also a view of some of the foot-prints outside. Examine it carefully. Do not be in too great a hurry. It seems to me that this is the most important view of all."

The action of Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve during this speech was a

little remarkable. With much nimbleness for so heavy a man, he skipped towards the bed, and having softly drawn the curtains and thrown open the bed-clothes, he gazed with much earnestness at the corpse of the murdered man. During this inspection, the neutral tint spectacles were pushed up to his forehead. At the same time he continued to babble his artistic injunctions to the smothered up constable, exhorting him to count the number of footsteps that he could detect in the snow, and asking him to pay particular attention to the fact that the bottle of water in the wash-stand had evidently not been disturbed. It was quite full and a tumbler that covered it at the top was in its customary place. Suddenly there was a rattle at the door. Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve as quick as lightning closed up the curtains of the bed and placed his coloured spectacles once more over his eyes. At the same moment Inspector Wiggin walked into the room with a firm tread.

"Who is this?" said the Inspector, very sternly, after he had examined the photographer from head to foot.

"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Orlando J. Cleeve. You are, I believe, the celebrated detective, Inspector Wiggin?"

"Why do you let strangers into the scene of the crime, Constable Enoch?" said the Inspector in a terrible manner.

"I—he—that is—" said the constable in a smothered voice, making vain endeavours to emerge from the photographer's shawl.

"I am not an ordinary stranger, I assure you, and the interest I take in this unprecedented case is not an ordinary interest. I am told that you are of opinion that the assassin is an outsider, and that he was probably assisted by some one in the house——"

"Who told you that?"

"Ah! I am afraid I am indiscreet, and yet if you knew the interest that the general public take in affairs of this sort. Now the readers of that famous journal, the *Daily Banner*, whose circulation——"

"Are you a newspaper man—a reporter?"

"Ah! there you inadvertently commit the same indiscretion that I did. The hidden springs of a great journal move as silently and as secretly as the splendid machinery of our unmatched police system."

"Constable, turn this man out of the house. What do you mean by letting in a newspaper reporter to disturb the room, which, as you ought to know, is to remain as it is. I shall report your conduct to the governor."

"Sir Frank ordered me to bring him here to make him take a picture. He's a photography."

"Then let him make his photograph, and be quick about it."

"Just so, Inspector Wiggin!" and Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve, having again viewed his scene with the assistance of his shawl, brought a frame of glass and put it into his camera.

"Here's a bottle of blood that he discovered. He thinks it's important!"

"Who discovered? Who thinks?" said the Inspector.

"Seven—eight—nine—ten," said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve, counting out loud.

"Him!" said Constable Enoch, pointing to the photographer, who at this instant was closing the camera.

"Why did you let him move about and discover things?"

"Well, he discovered things without moving about."

"What? Where?"

"This blood on this piece of snow out here, where he's put the mould."

"You should not have let him touch it. He might have obliterated most important evidence by clumsy handling."

"On the contrary, he prevented me from handling the matter clumsily, and obliterating the evidence."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"It may be stuff, but all I can say is, that if it hadn't been for his photography glasses and silver spoons, you wouldn't have had that."

"That—what is that?"

"He says it's most important."

"He says. Surely, Constable Enoch, you, a trusted officer of the Cropshire police, have sense enough in your own head to know what is important and what is not, without being told by ignorant persons."

"But it seems to me that the position of that blood is odd."

"Odd—why odd? The murderer came in through that door, didn't he?"

"Yes; I suppose so."

"And went out through that door, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"After shedding blood. You can't kill a man with a knife or dagger without shedding blood and getting some over you. What more natural than that he should have wrung a handkerchief or something of the sort outside as he was going away."

"Please, Mr. Inspector Wiggin, I've finished the photograph. Here is the negative. Look through it so and you can see it."

"Oh, ha! but really the view of the room you have taken seems a very unimportant one."

"Unimportant!—now do you know? this seems to me the most important view in the room that could possibly be taken."

"How can you make that out?" said the Inspector with a scorn that could scarcely be called suppressed scorn.

"Observe that decanter and tumbler untouched—you can see them plainly."

"Yes—I'm not blind."

"Observe the basin and jug untouched."

"Yes."

"See also that that little jug is full of water."

"Yes."

"Now if you'll accompany me outside I will show you that the mould which indicates the exact spot where the blood was found is at least a yard and a half from the foot-prints. Indeed it has virgin snow all round it undisturbed for at least that distance."

"Who said it had'nt?" said the Inspector, when the circumstance was brought to his notice.

"Now it is an odd thing that an 'ignorant person,' for you are quite right in everything that relates to your difficult craft, Inspector—I am an ignorant person—should have made a discovery. If a handkerchief was wrung, as you suggest, the blood would fall straight down, but this has evidently been *thrown*. In other words it has been ejected from some receptacle after being most probably diluted with water. This is further shown by the appearance of the cavity or sinking before we meddled with it. Here is its photograph. A few drops of blood dropt down drop by drop would merely discolour the snow, but a tumbler full of water and blood thrown from a distance would make a cavity somewhat similar to this."

"Oh we know what we know," said the Inspector gruffly.

"And if it was thrown, from what sort of receptacle was it thrown, and under what circumstances? you see that everything on the wash-hand stand of Sir Rupert is unused, and the water that diluted the blood could not have been taken from one of these jugs."

"You're a cute 'un, you are," said the Inspector after a pause; "you press gentlemen are very clever." Perhaps he was a little puzzled with this ingenious reasoning, but he soon recovered his old confidence.

"Oh, no, no!"

"Yes you are, and you want to make me think that I'm quite wrong in thinking that this is an ordinary burglary committed by an outsider—that's your little game!"

"I protest."

"Yes it is—I'm wrong and you're quite right—"

"No, I merely suggested—"

"What now do you think's the motive of this 'ere little crime?"

"Motive, motive, I know too little about it," said the photographer, carrying his apparatus to another part of the room.

"Well, I'll just tell you to show you how easy it is to jump at false conclusions. The motive of this 'ere comfortable little job was a set of diamonds worth £8000."

"Dear me!"

"Which the late Baronet was to have given to his intended, Miss Henriette Artus."

"Who is she?" said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve in a queer voice. Is not this the English equivalent of Mons. de Sartine's celebrated police maxim, *Cherchez la Femme*? "What?—I mean, where is she?" he added in a more natural voice.

"In this 'ere house now, and she was to have received them this very day."

"They are of course gone?"

"Yes, and some valuable coins and some bank-notes. Well now, you see this 'ere set of diamonds is solid ground; this is our point of departure."

"I begin to catch your meaning. This seems a good view." The last words had reference to his photography.

"You come to all sorts of flighty conclusions from this 'ere antiquated coin and that there dab of pink snow; we know on what we are working."

"A man on the outside commits a burglary and a murder for £8000," said Mr. Cleeve with his head in a shawl.

"Supposing a man from the outside, helped by a man inside, attempts a robbery with the aid of that there chloroform, and the Baronet awakes and recognises one, and that then the murder is an after thought."

"How ingenious! What a wonderful profession is yours! But how do you account for the patch of bloody snow and the *antiquated* coin?"

"There you are at it again. Your fancy goes on some imaginary fact, mine on these solid baseses, as we calls them. Look at that chloroform bottle under that glass case. It was found upset. The supply of the criminals evidently ran short in consequence of that accident." It is to be confessed that the incredulity of Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve was "nagging" the worthy Inspector, and causing him to forget the usual reticence of public life. Gradually he found himself telling all he knew to the photographer, as that gentleman calmly proceeded to take a view of the room, which included the bedstead.

By-and-bye Sir Frank Kingsbury came in, and asked to see the photographs. They were shown to him.

"Very good!" he said, "very good! I see you know something about your business. Tell me, did you not say that you were equal to very fine work indeed?"

"Yes, Sir Frank."

"I think it right, Inspector, that we should have a careful photograph taken of the countenance, also of the wound, you understand. Please to see it done."

(*To be continued.*)

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THERE is no less need of demonstrative proof of a future life to-day than there was nineteen centuries ago—there is, in fact, far more need of it, as unbelief is more prevalent than then. It is useless to ask thoughtful, self-relying men to believe, when the proofs are not presented, and it is only just and reasonable that those who attempt to convince them shall furnish evidence of their faith being founded upon demonstrated truth. This is requiring no more than Thomas demanded, and which demand Jesus evidently did not regard as sinful or unreasonable, and it is no more than Jesus conceded to the others to whom He appeared after His resurrection.—CROWELL.